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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING
ILLUSTRATED
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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A NEW SEASIDE LUXURY.

HOW CONEY ISLAND REVELLERS WITH A TASTE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL CAN ENJOY IT, WITH A ROCKING CHAIR AND A SHINE THROWN
IN, ALL FOR A DIME "OR WHATEVER THE GENTLEMAN WANTS TO GIVE."



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE BRITISH CHAMPION.

In the next number of the POLICE GAZETTE will be presented, free, a finely-executed, full-page portrait of Joe Collins, "Tug Wilson," who figured to such advantage in the great boxing match with John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden, New York, on July 17. This will be found not only a truthful portrait but a fine work of art, fit for framing as a memento of the bold Briton and his prowess. Send in your orders early for extra copies of this number, for which the demand will be very large.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

TUG WILSON won a small fortune in 12 minutes at Madison Square Garden on the 17th inst. He pocketed nearly \$11,000 in that short time.

Oh, no, those western papers are not at all jealous of us. They don't feel sad over our enormous circulation and they don't look with green eyes on our symmetrical proportions. Oh, no, not at all.

The pugilistic plot thickens. As Sullivan has failed to knock Tug Wilson out of time the public curiosity is greatly piqued and the question "What next?" becomes one of overwhelming importance.

BLANCHE DOUGLASS and Walter Malley are, it seems, continuing that interesting part of love's young dream which was interrupted by the death of Jennie Cranner, who was not the "thoroughbred" that Blanche is.

TALK about your Spanish bull fights, they never aroused a greater interest than did the great slogging match in New York between the big Bostonian and the little Briton, and there never was a greater crowd drawn to any performance of any kind in the metropolis.

THE POLICE GAZETTE of to-day is matchless in all its departments. If our alleged rivals were jealous of us before what deeper hues of envious green will they put on to express their condition when they see this number of the paper?

THE POLICE GAZETTE will back its champion, Tug Wilson, against any fighter in the world for a match in the ring. The Boston boy, John L. Sullivan, will probably take the Briton in hand with his bare fists. The probability of such a match has set all the sports on the very tip toe of anticipation.

WHEN Moody and Sankey undertook to campaign in New York they couldn't half fill Madison Square Garden. When those evangelists of muscle, Sullivan and Wilson, tried it they filled the place to overflowing and enough to have filled another garden clamored vainly at the door for admission. This is the way the POLICE GAZETTE runs a revival. There's nothing mean or small about us, we do things on a big scale every time. The GAZETTE was born to make a big noise in the world and isn't it making it?

As much interest is manifested throughout the country in the result of the glove encounter between Tug Wilson, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, and John L. Sullivan, as was aroused by the Ryan-Sullivan champion fight. Some surprise has been manifested that the Bostonian failed to knock out the sturdy Briton in the prescribed four rounds, but it must be understood that to have accomplished such afeat as this the young Hercules of the Hub had laid out for himself the most difficult job imaginable—especially since he hampered himself with limits of time, obliging him to compress all his strength into a stated period, against one of the wildest and most scientific fighters who ever entered the prize ring. The man who undertakes to knock the POLICE GAZETTE champion out, must give himself much more time than four three minute rounds to do it in.

EXTRA!

"TUG" COMES TO TIME.

The Great Glove Fight Between Sullivan
and the Police Gazette Champion.The Boston Boy Fails to Knock out
Tug Wilson, the British Champion,
and Loses a Big Stake.

[Subjects of Illustration.]

The greatest event in the sporting world for years if we judge from the wide-spread interest it aroused all over the country, was the sparring match between John L. Sullivan, champion of America, and Tug Wilson, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, who was imported from England expressly to have a "go" in the ring with the Boston Boy. Sullivan declined to meet the British champion in a fight until he had tried a bout with him with the gloves on, offering the POLICE GAZETTE's chosen fighter a prize of \$1,000 and half of the gate money if he could manage to stand up before him during four three minute rounds. This trial bout was agreed to by the POLICE GAZETTE champion and his backer, and it came off at Madison Square Garden on the evening of Monday, July 17, before a crowd that filled that immense building in every part. Fully five thousand persons vainly clamored in the streets for admission when the building was filled to suffocation. There never was such an excitement over a fistic encounter. The class of people who attended, too, were of all sorts, embracing even the very highest and most intellectual classes who, under the impulse given to their sporting fancies by the POLICE GAZETTE found this a grand opportunity for humoring that old "Adam" which lurks even in the most aesthetic organism. The Ryan-Sullivan prize fight did not create a greater excitement and the betting on the result was quite as heavy as it was on that famous event in which also the POLICE GAZETTE demonstrated what was possible in popularizing the sports of the modern gladiators. The Yankee boy had been so successful in "downing" everyone who had faced him, "knocking out" with the utmost despatch the best fighters who had opposed him, that the great majority of sporting men were eager to back him at odds to repeat thefeat as summarily on the British champion who had been set up by the POLICE GAZETTE against his terrible batteries.

There were those, however, though they were the minority, who had confidence in assurances received from over the water that Tug could not be knocked out in four rounds by any fighter and among these was Richard K. Fox, the backer of the pugilist. In an interview with his champion just before the engagement with Sullivan Wilson assured him that there was not a possibility of his being knocked out, that he was confident of his ability to prevent so disastrous a beginning of his fighting career in this country, and his confident manner and excellent trim had a most comforting effect on those who had wagered large sums of money on him. That he was worthy of this confidence the sequel proved.

As usual in such cases, the "smart A'leeks" who know it all, started rumors that the affair was "crooked," and that there was an understanding between the fighters as to what the result should be. Of course there was no truth in this statement, but there is no way of controlling the nimble tongues of the dealers in rumor, and such stories for a time had an effect on the betting. But Sullivan's friends, taking alarm, insisted on having "the straight tip" and got it, to the effect that the affair was to be square and straightforward as have been all the matches which the POLICE GAZETTE has been instrumental in bringing about.

The Boston men came on to the metropolis and confidently backed their man, putting up their money lavishly and expressing the utmost confidence in his ability to handle Tug in the same manner that he had handled the opponents that preceded him. There were even confident predictions that the bold Briton would be laid out and done for early in the second round. These opinions were advanced and backed by the excited crowd that assembled to witness the mill in the Garden and so great was the faith of the Bostonians in themselves as prophets that they staked their last nickel on this event, leaving themselves dependent on their winnings to carry them home, without considering the possibilities of going into a hole through their champion's failure to get through with his job.

The men came upon the stage at 9:30. Tug Wilson was the first to appear, and was accompanied by Arthur Chambers and George Holden. He was given a thorough rubbing with a towel, and then Holden withdrew from the stage. Sullivan had as his esquires Joe Goss and Billy Madden, and he, too, was treated to rubbing. Both were stripped to the buff, and looking in prime condition, Wilson being a trifle too fine drawn and evidently lighter than the weight given—163 lbs. On the other hand, Sullivan looked all of his 163 lbs. The gloves used on this occasion were small fighting gloves, but not the skin article usually used in encounters of this sort. They took a long while in putting on and adjusting, after which the combatants were called over by Captain Williams, who critically examined the mittens, and finally pronounced them sail-factory.

Wilson then stepped over to Sullivan and offered to bet him \$500, but Sullivan did not accept.

"I will bet you \$750 to \$500," said Billy Madden to Chambers, "if you will take my word." And the money was put up the next instant.

Betting was going on all over the building. Sullivan appeared confident. He was eager to have the match over. As the pugilists faced each other it made one think of the Jem Mace and Sam Hurst fight, and the immortal battle between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers. Wilson was facing an opponent three inches taller and fully thirty pounds heavier. Wilson looked like an infant in front of Sullivan, whose great muscular proportions made him look like a giant.

ROUND 1.—At the call of time both pugilists walked quickly to the scratch and commenced operations at once, Sullivan feinting with his left and letting by his

right with all his might, but Tug stepped in instead of retreating and delivered his left on Sullivan's chin. Then right and left deliveries followed all over the stage, Sullivan driving Wilson before him until Wilson went down from a right-hander on the head, being allowed ten seconds to get up he took all of that time, being in no hurry to do more than was required of him. Tug when he got on his feet met Sullivan with a hard left-hander on the chin, for which favor he received several which staggered him about the ring and by a right hand was knocked down again in the middle of the ring. Sullivan as soon as Wilson was up rushed at him again and right and left and put in some stingers on Tug's head but they were too high up to do mischief. Tug again went down with another of them and no sooner was he on his feet than Sullivan rushed at him again. Tug fought with him but the Yankee had soon sent him down again. Ten long seconds elapsed before Tug was ready to take another dose and he dodged several left and right handers, putting in an occasional one when opportunity offered. In this manner without the slightest display of science on Sullivan's part he made his rash and do-wed Wilson every few seconds until at the ninth knock down the three minutes were up and the men were taken to their corners and cared for by their seconds.

Sullivan had the best of the round for he had fought like a demon, being told to force the fighting from the first. Wilson on being taken to his corner smiled and was suffering from the heat which was oppressive. At the expiration of a minute or at least about forty seconds, for it was "short time," the referee called time.

ROUND 2.—Fresh as a daisy Tug came to the scratch, and with a confident, leering smile he again faced Sullivan, who was puffing and blowing like a grampus, being evidently "short of work," but Sullivan was the first to lead off, his right hand catching Wilson on the jaw. It was very heavy and seemed to date the Englishman, but he managed to counter on the right eye. Sullivan returned the compliment by another visitation to the face with his left. Wilson then got down. No sooner was he on his feet than Sullivan planted a heavy left hand full on the mouth, and Wilson was sent down again. He finally pulled himself together and sent in a vicious left handed blow on Sullivan's nose, which made him see stars, but his straight counter hit got home on Wilson's forehead, and down he went, this time in a very limp condition. He rolled over on his back and Chambers fanned him for ten seconds, when he got on his feet again. Sullivan steadied him with a left hand in the face, for which Wilson countered him heavily on the nose, this brought on some rapid half-arm exchanges. Sullivan finally sending Wilson to the floor with a swinging hit on the jaw. As soon as he got up the American champion let go both left and right on the jaw. This brought Wilson to his knees. He jumped up and tried to resume hostilities, but they clinched, Sullivan getting a light blow home on the face, while Wilson got home on the nose. Sullivan immediately rushed at Wilson and they fought right and left, Wilson getting in some light blows on Sullivan's face, but he was soon knocked down or went down easily to kill time. Sullivan fought wildly, and he seemed to lose all idea of distance and was too close often to do damage, although Tug took advantage of the hit, no matter how light it might be, to go down, and at other times Sullivan would seize Tug around the neck and hammer away at the back of his head, doing the slightest damage. In this way they managed to drag out another three minutes, and "Time" was again called to desist. In this round Tug Wilson was down eight times.

ROUND 3.—Betting men who had backed Sullivan had now begun to look blue, for their wagers of \$100 to \$50, \$40 to \$25 to \$15 that the champion the POLICE GAZETTE was ready to match against any man in the world would be knocked out in three instead of four rounds was melting like snow, and Wilson was the favorite. At the call of time the men went promptly to the scratch, Tug meeting the American champion with a flush hit in the face with his left and another on the left side of the head with his right. Sullivan rushed to close quarters and fought left and right but Wilson kept so close to him that Sullivan could not get in his swinging hits and from the manner in which he was puffing and blowing it was evident that his blows had lost their force. Tug got into close quarters as quickly as possible and received Sullivan's right-handers on the upper left side of his head, which did not hurt him in the least and he was laughing at Sullivan's futile attempts to injure him. They broke away and fought right and left, that is Sullivan was weaving away right and left until they clinched a second time and after a short wrestle Sullivan threw Wilson and fell on him. Up again and at it right and left when Tug went down rather suspiciously to avoid punishment and to kill time and as he did so he took hold of Sullivan's leg and tried to pull him down. Such little favors however were not noticed. When Tug got on his feet Sullivan missed him twice with his right hand, the Englishman getting his head out of the way very dexterously and giving Sullivan two hard hits on the head. The men again got to close quarters, too close indeed for Sullivan, as Tug managed to give him only the upper part of the left side of his head to hit at and the Yankee's hitting had by this time lost nearly all its force and it really looked as if Sullivan was tired of his job. He, however, knocked Wilson down in his corner and when the latter got up he hustled him down again and Harry Hill told them to go to their corners as the three minutes, time was up. When they were taken to the corners Sullivan was by far the most disengaged, his chest heaving as man's never did before, while Tug now showed that he felt the victory was his. He laughed outright while Arthur Chambers was sponging his face and head.

Wilson said on being taken to his corner, "He will not knock me out in forty rounds, Arthur," meaning Chambers. "He ain't hurt me yet."

Sullivan was being fanned by Madden and he was all to pieces. He had not been properly trained or Tug had hit him hard once or twice on the mark and it had made him feel sick at the stomach, but his chances of winning were gone for Tug was just as lively as when he commenced.

ROUND 4.—As Sullivan rose from his chair he appeared shaky on his legs, and as he moved over to Tug's corner to settle the affair at once or never he appeared terribly distressed. The men made a few passes right and left, when they clinched, wrestled and fell, Sullivan on the top. This did not look like winning on Sullivan's part, and they were but a moment or two upon their feet before they clinched again and went down, Wilson on the saving principal. No sooner were they on their feet again than Sullivan looked completely dazed, and did not seem to know what he was doing for a few moments. He recovered his senses, however, and, rushing at Wilson, delivered two very

weak right handers, and Wilson dropped to avoid another. Up again, and Sullivan knowing that he had no time to lose now, rushed at Tug and both went down. Tug under. Up again and Wilson down from a mere push. Both were very shak, on their pins, but Sullivan managed to get off by a short blow on the nose. This brought on a scramble, in which Wilson was underneath. The latter then visited Sullivan's right cheek very lightly, and countered the Boston boy rather heavily in the stomach, for this Sullivan planted very heavily on the nose, and Wilson went down. After this they clinched and fought all over the stage. Sullivan was in a bad plight and had bellows to mind. He rushed to a clinch and visited his opponent's jaw, but not heavily. In one of these Wilson was thrown and in falling over him Sullivan struck him on the knee. It was an accident however and no appeal was made. As soon as the pair faced each other Sullivan rushed at Wilson with the intention of knocking him out but Wilson dodged the blow and it alighted on the left side of his head. Time was flying; Sullivan was at Wilson as soon as the latter was on his feet but the Englishman went down the moment he was hit. Up again and Wilson fell from a mere push. He was up again in time but fell as soon as he was hit and when he arose again he rushed to a close but was thrown with Sullivan on top. This ended the contest, for as soon as the men were on their feet time was called and they walked to their corners, Tug Wilson the winner, as the American champion failed to knock him out in four three minute rounds as he had done nearly every pugilist.

After the battle Wilson, with Richard K. Fox, his backer, Alf. Lunt, the champion trainer, Patsy Shepard, the noted Boston Boniface, and James Patterson, retired to the Putnam House. Wilson did not show any marks, and no one to look at him would dream that he had been fighting hard for twelve minutes with a scientific Hercules who had conquered every man he had met before in the arena.

"I haven't even a black eye," said Tug blithely to Mr. Fox: "I never had one in my life."

"He did not knock you out, did he?" said George Holden, with a chuckle.

"He never could in four rounds, and I don't think he forty, either."

"Why," said Alf. Lunt, "he did not hurt Tug at all. He hasn't a mark."

"Sullivan is a resolute, determined fighter, but I don't think much about his hitting. He is not clever," put in Wilson.

"No," said Bob Smith, "you landed on him when you led in the first."

"Yes," chuckled Holden, "and he got on the nose pretty well, didn't he?"

Jimmy Patterson said, "Why, after Tug hit him in the belly in the second round Sullivan could not knock a hole in a pound of butter."

"No," said Lunt, "Tug would have finished him if he had two rounds more."

Wilson said to Richard K. Fox, his backer, that he was a little weak on his legs, that he required two more weeks' longer training to get himself in fit condition to fight.

Mr. Fox asked the jubilant Englishman what he thought of Sullivan.

"Why," said the English champion, "he is a resolute fighter and a rusher."

Mr. Fox said that he would match him to fight the Bostonian.

"Well, I will fight him," replied Wilson. "Say so."

At 1 A. M., on the 18th inst., the following challenge was issued:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE,
NEW YORK, July 14, 1882.

As Tug Wilson, the English champion, has proved more than a match for John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, I again renew my offer to match Tug Wilson to fight John L. Sullivan for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. Madden recently refused to match Sullivan, claiming that he was not a tried man. Wilson has proved himself Sullivan's equal with two weeks' training, so that Sullivan cannot refuse to meet him. My representative will meet Madden at any place he names to post \$1,000 a side and sign articles, the fight to be decided four months hence. Sullivan must fight or give up the championship.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The POLICE GAZETTE means business, and neither Madden nor Sullivan can refuse to arrange a match. Wilson intends to remain in this country, and the POLICE GAZETTE is ready to match him against all comers. He will stop in Philadelphia and make Arthur Chambers' his headquarters.

The receipts exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the managers of the show, and to-day Tug Wilson is a richer man than he has ever been, before. An estimate made gives the following figures:

Received for dollar admissions.....	\$ 5,000
Received for two dollar admissions.....	10,000
Received from private boxes.....	4,000
	\$19,000
Direct expenses.....	2,000
Net receipts.....	\$17,000

Half of this money goes to Wilson and he receives in addition the sum of \$1,000 posted by Madden to Harry Hill's hands. It is understood that the remaining portion of the proceeds is divided equally between Sullivan and Billy Madden, his business manager.

The following are the Marquis of Queensbury Rules which governed the contest:

To be a fair stand-up boxing-match, in a 21-foot ring, or as near that size as practicable; no wrestling or bugging allowed; the rounds to be of three minutes' duration, and one minute time. If either man fall through weakness or otherwise he must get up unassisted, ten seconds to be allowed him to do so, the other man meanwhile to retire to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the three minutes have expired, and if one man fails to come to the scratch in the ten seconds allowed, it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favor of the other man. A man hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down. No seconds or any other person to be allowed in the ring during the rounds. Should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference, the referee to name time and place for finishing the contest as soon as possible, so that the match must be won or lost, unless the backers of both men agree to draw the stakes. The gloves to be fair-sized boxing gloves of the best quality, and new. Should a glove burst or come off, it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction. A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck is entitled to the stakes. No shoes or boots with spikes allowed.

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Soiled Doves and Speckled Hens of the Boards.

The Square Truth Fearlessly Told About Some Very Pretentious Frauds of the Drama.

ALICE OATES is back. Suckers don't bite any more in July in Paris or New York.

SELINA DOLARO is going to open the season at Wallack's and the bald head brigade will have full swing in the classic halls of comedy.

LAURA DON will open the season at the Standard in the latter part of August in her own play written for her by her latest mash, entitled "A Daughter of the Nile." As though Egyptian affairs were not muddled enough already!

THE Germania Theatre mob went up on the 8th inst. The dozen managers undertook to keep all the money received to be lavished on their daisies of the ballet and chorus, while the principal artists got nothing. Of course this ended in a grand "kick" and an explosion.

AMONG the "stars" who are going to torture us during the coming season is Marion Elmore, an English burlesque who came here with the last Lydia Thompson troupe. How will Willie Edouina get along without her? Mind your business; don't ask such insulating questions.

BOB INGERSOLL's new play, "The Wild, Wild West," will be produced at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in October. He has contracted to put a good deal of fire in it and since many people suppose he has all hell at command to draw from he will have no difficulty in that part of his contract.

CARLETON, the basso at the Germania Theatre, "kicked" because the associated slide show managers starred their ignorant daisies above his name on the bills. He was perfectly right. He is an artist far too good for his surroundings anyhow but when it comes to slingin' silny Anonyma over him as an extinguisher—well, he ought to kick.

NO one has been skillful enough yet to drive the custodians of the Brooklyn Theatre Fire Fund into such a corner that they will be forced to state what has become of the money and what young men are living on its interest. Is Arthur Wallack one who draws his salary from this mortuary source, reaping his harvest from fruitful graves, as it were? We ask only for information. Why doesn't some one answer? Is it a case of letting "I dare not, wait upon I would," Arthur?

WALLACK is evidently in a quandary. He is looking around for something a little more nasty than usual to put on his stage. Having failed to get Langtry, after engaging for his regular company all the naked British blonde women he fancied, he will open his season with a preliminary attack at comic opera on August 1. He will produce Strauss' last, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," a somewhat spicy and high-flavored article dealing with warm episodes in the life of Cervantes. This will prepare Wallack's patrons, for the "worse remains behind."

THERE is one loud talking individual who is going to be a very sick manager before the first day of December, 1882, and that is the more or less naked Col. Theodore Morris who has fallen into a Jew trap in Brooklyn, leasing a doomed theatre in that city. He will begin his season with Wallack in "Rosedale" and will close it with the "Rent Day." We anticipate that he will make the quickest time on record in emigrating from Brooklyn to Columbus, O. We'll back him as a champion skipper before the season is over.

GENEVIEVE WARD has hired a newspaper hack to keep her name in the papers. He calls on her maid for "points" and every month with a regularity that is creditable to the lady reports "Miss Genevieve Ward has been ill for a few days but is now recovering." Probably that stupid scribe doesn't tumble but the style of public that reads the POLICE GAZETTE is "fly" and drops to the true inwardness very shrewdly, you bet. When "tony" actresses descend to having details of this character paragraphed to keep them before the public we think it is time to give the whole thing away.

E. E. RICE will drop "Evangeline" next season and produce a garbled version of a French comic opera entitled "Le Grand Casimir," but called by him "The Queen of the Circus." Mr. Rice has elegant printing already provided for this work—forty lithographs of himself, each in different style, color and pose. All he wants to advertise his new pieces is a picture of himself, so this season when you see on the dead walls a three sheet cut of a fellow with a little moustache and a big check you needn't read the top and bottom lines—you'll know that means the Queen of the Circus."

WHAT's the matter with Charley Thorne? Is he anxious to acquire the reputation of a crank? If not why does he promenade on all occasions with the air of the "knight of the melancholy malin"? It isn't that he is in love and spooning—we know it isn't that. It isn't because he is poor, for he isn't. Why is it then? Surely it cannot be that he is letting Palmer worry him with bugaboo stories about the fate of bad boys who will persist in their naughty intentions of going out west starring or hunting Indians instead of staying home and chopping wood in the "stock." Surely Charley isn't to be scared off in that way, is he? Mr. Thorne has the floor.

WHAT is to become of the "Tourists" this season? Is it possible that the vain and arrogant "stun," that Mestayer fellow, is to be left? Is it possible he is to be ignored by the public at the very time he thinks himself the greatest and most magnificent star ever seen? Ah, here's where the trouble comes in. He has been only a soap bubble instead of a star, a big soap bubble, it is true, and floating around pretty high up in space, but then you know those great fat globes have a limit to their distension and are most likely to burst when they are the most puffed out. And when they do vanish into thin air as completely and suddenly as this great, round Mestayer sample has.

As we predicted that vain balloon, Gus Williams, has cut down Gilbert's character part in his new play, "One of the Finest," making it now worthy of

ing called "One of the Worst." All there was worth commendation in the piece originally was Gilbert's acting of the part. When they cut him down to a utility figure there is absolutely nothing left in the originally vile show worth looking at. If Gilbert has any enterprise he will have a play written to fit him in this style of part. He can with proper opportunity as a star make a great hit in such a role. He will have no chance with that pudgy mass of conceit in the form of "the great Dutch comedian" sitting on his shoulders. Let him shake off the incubus, drop it down the steps of the first cellar dive in Chatham street or the Bowery, where it belongs, and start out for himself without a handicap.

THAT blazing coruscation of brilliants named Davis, who is parading his astounding abundance of jewelry and his amazing lack of common sense about the Square these summer days as an advertisement of a vile farce called "Alvin Joslin," should be summarily seized and tied to a chair beside the toadstool Gus Williams in Charley Collins' cellar under the sidewalk. Let the two "blow" each other to death. They are a good match and an interchange of their volleys of alleged funny stories and grandiloquent gush could not fail to result fatally on both sides. Really there must be something of this kind done or life will not be worth living in Union Square. And then the jewelry of the Davis thing! Bury it with the corpse? Oh, no, give it back piece by piece to the different women it belongs to, provided they agree in advance that there will be "no questions asked."

SEVERAL members of Congress are familiar with John McCullough and Billy Florence because the actors introduce them to actresses and act in other respects as purveyors. This Florence is altogether a disgusting thing. His relations with the women of the stage when he and Sothern used to work their amorous rackets in partnership were beastly. The death of his side partner of softening of the brain does not seem to have warned him. He is as bad as ever and has picked up political friends who are quite as bad as Sothern ever was. Not content with scandalous doings through the winter this delectable mob assembles a theatrical party and camps out on the Ridgeouche river, a wilderness locality in Lower Canada, and goes through a round of summer orgies that discounts Belshazzar's best record. How the people who take part in these orgies can hold up their heads and brazen out the public in the fall is a wonder. But we suppose that, like John and Billy, they were "made so and can't help it."

MRS. RACHEL McCUALEY, one of the finest actresses of our stage, has, it will be remarked, disappeared from the scene of her triumph for the past season or two. Her eyesight, injured by the glare of footlights and calcium lights, threatens to leave her altogether. While we regret the affliction that removes a bright ornament from the boards, still the feeling is tempered by the knowledge that there is no place left for her on the stage. If she were not growing blind she would be crowded out. She is a thorough lady as well as an artist, and there is no room for such on our stage to-day. And moreover she has never been wicked enough to justify her claim to a place in the dramatic convent where the Rev. Mallory gathers all the penitents of the stage. There is a kind Providence in all things, the philosophic Mallory says, "Yes, so, Domine." Therefore it is lucky for Mrs. McCauley that her physical organs are affected else she might be on the stage still, obliged to suffer moral blindness so that she might not see the filth with which the temple of Thebes is encumbered and surrounded. Really, Doctor, you will convert theatrical people to your religion "for sure," if you go on reasoning in this logical way in your pastoral visits.

ED. THORNE will try on his "Black Flag" at the Union Square Theatre on Aug. 21. He has been a long time preparing this horror. The flag has been looming up on the distant horizon several times but has been driven back by adverse winds. This time, however, we fear there will be no escape from the practical craft and we will be all forced to walk the plank while the merry pirate Ned scops in the ingots from the public's rich galleon. Well, under the circumstances, since the dramatic pirate is in vogue, we don't know but that we'd rather prefer to have our throat cut and our treasure appropriated by a genial and knowing dramatic tar like Ned than to be forced to give up to female corsairs from abroad with their dirty moral shifts, or landlubber crooks who never served a matelet apprenticeship on any craft that sailed the stormy dramatic sea in good old times when it was necessary to spread sails, trim ship and woo the breeze of success, instead of, as now, sailing right in their very teeth. By all means, Ned, be a pirate, wave your Black Flag and scoop in the plunder untrammeled by dramatic laws. You've as much right to set up as a bold buccaneer as any of them. It is your lookout, however, that you escape hanging. We warn you therefore that it is a bold start to sail right into the port of New York with your "Black Flag." But we forget this is the dramatic pirates' lair—true—go ahead, you're safe. It's out west where you will be in danger of lynch law—they are too far away from the sea to adequately respect or understand the bold buccaneer of romance or the drama.

MR. BARTLEY CAMPBELL and the Kiralfy Brothers, it is said, do not get along very smoothly in their partnership for the production of Bartley's spectacle, "Siberia." First they were going to bring it out without ballet at Booth's Theatre but after some remarkable polyglot wrangles they have whittled it down to fit the stage of the Union Square Theatre where it may be presented in miniature form, much cheaper than at the first named house, by the cutting of some of the spectacular features by which the Kiralfys set such great store. Campbell has rewritten it into a drama similar to the "Exiles," depending on pure dramatic points rather than on stage show and the grouping of figurantes for its effects. This is a violation of contract with the Kiralfys who are grand in spectacle and who naturally feel that they are losing their grip in proportion as the dramatist eliminates the ballet and supers. They cling to the speculation however and will have a finger deep in the pie if it succeeds at the Union Square. Meantime, though, they are at work on something thoroughly in their line, the Porte Saint Martin spectacle "The Bottom of the Sea," in which they will parade all the old scenery and costumes used in Paris. This will be the attraction at Booth's. If Cazauran regains his health completely within the next two weeks he will adapt the French manuscript of the spectacle to the American stage. The paying feature of the Kiralfys' season, though, promises to be, as in the past, "Around the World in Eighty Days." They have already made three fortunes on it and it seems to be good for as many more. The manuscript cost them originally to set into English acting form only eighty dol-

lars. Some men are born lucky and Imre and Bolosky are of the number.

REALLY the fakes and the daisies are having a truly rural time of it this summer. Let's see, what lake is it on Long Island Sound with an infernal long Indian name where the hotel is run by a military member of the legislature and where the married actors of Union Square make trips to stop over Saturday and Sunday nights? Never mind the name—everybody knows it and a majority of the actors know the racket. They have jolly times up there and some of the scenes around the hotel outdo the Black Crook. They do say that the young ladies of the hotel are in the habit of bathing in the lake with no other clothing than a handkerchief tied about the waist and the distinguished actors and managers who frequent the place on Sundays take to the water in the same cherubic condition. The bulbous Col. Theodore Morris of Columbus, Ohio, who is going broke on a Brooklyn dive the coming season, is one of the frequenters of this resort, but whether he ever takes a bath we cannot say. An old Scotchman, a man of religious instincts, named Findlay, who chanced to row a party of young ladies near the hotel while the nymphs and several lights of the stage of Col. Morris' proportions were disporting in the water, took offence at the sylvan scene and threatens to have the place indicted. He doesn't understand beauty and respectability from the standpoint of the "perfess." There was a free fight in this delectable resort on the 4th of July, which accounts for several black eyes and scratched faces that have lately appeared about the Square. You can buy property very cheap in this part of Long Island since the "fakes" have shown a disposition to engage in sylvan sports there.

THEY'VE had two princes of vile bad actors disporting themselves in London for a month, until a lucky accident put an end to the circus. You remember Ristori, the Italian tragedienne whom Grau brought over here ten years ago and whose husband, the Marquis of Something or other, was arrested for making improper advances to chambermaids and shocking the modesty of the ladies of one of the cross town streets? Well, this Ristori has been studying English with such effect that she has been able to play *Lady Macbeth* in the vernacular in London. She has made a big hit but her managers got the worst sort of company to support her. You can imagine what it was like when we say that George Rignold was the *Macbeth* and a counter-jumper amateur named J. H. Barnes the *Macduff*. Both of these "studs" are known on this side and unfavorably. Rignold was the master of "Henry the Fifth" at Booth's and Barnes came here as the leading support of *Adelaide Neilson* in her visit of 1874. He was a clerk in a London dry goods shop and taking a fancy to him (he had played in amateur theatricals) she brought him over here to give him a chance to learn to act at our expense. He was a terrible guy and was ridiculed everywhere but she kept him in the company until they reached Toronto, Canada, where he began boasting that she was his "mash" and that she had carried him off from his parents, aducted him because she was madly in love with him. Then there was a row and he was summarily fired by the furious Juliet who always after that sought her Romeo in America. Well, this duffer, matched with an equally awkward dufer in Rignold, undertook to fight the combat in the last act of "Macbeth." The ludicrous battle was ended by the counter-jumper *Macduff* thrusting his sword two full inches into the paunch of the adipose *Thane of Cawdor*, doubling that hero up and making him squeal like a stock pig. This was too much for Ristori. She declines to play in English again until she is assured that her support is something more aesthetic than pudgy tapsters and dapper wielders of the yard stick. It is said that Barnes is one of Arthur Wallack's engagements for the stock company of his pa's theatre next season. What sum does Barnes pay him weekly for the privilege of acting in a first-class theatre? Surely he doesn't pay Barnes instead of Barnes paying him. If he does he is not posted in his business.

THE value of soiled doves on the stage is much greater than of the fresh and unsullied bird. To be dished up in drama the meat must be gamey. If the Prince of Wales has handled and pinched it and left his mark on it so much the better. Hence Abbey pays Mrs. Langtry \$3,000 a week to play in America, where we are supposed to like such things. Lester Wallack wanted her but Abbey offered \$300 more on the week than Lester was able to pay and therefore got her. Mrs. Langtry cannot act and what beauty she had has been rubbed off by society friction with the Prince and his set. But this is just where the charm comes in for the noddies and idiots who encourage our modern drama. When the Langtry comes on our boards and shows what wealth there is wearing a Prince's shadow on her beauty won't those callous artistes feel mad who have been seeking fame by giving themselves over to John McCullough, whose prints are not as effective as the amorous trademark of the other fellow? If this style of drama is going to be the rage there will be a reform indeed. In this good time coming we shall probably have actresses billed as the "lady who has occupied a prominent position in the Sultan's harem," or "the last mistress of the Czar will appear as *Juliet* and wear all the presents of her late princely master;" or again, "The beauteous Mrs. — who lived with the Prince of Wales right under her husband's nose without his wonder or protest, proving herself one of the most consummate actresses in the world, will parade on the stage the beauty that fascinated His Royal Highness and the jewelry and other plunder she worked out of the royal "sucker." It will be added, too, in order that the public may see exactly what the Prince paid his money for, and may be permitted to join its judgment to his, the "lady will make a liberal display of her calves and thighs in the role of *Rosalind*," the aforesaid calves and thighs being expected to make amends for whatever her vocal and aesthetic rendering of *Rosalind* may lack in symmetry. There are some people fastidious enough to hold their noses when the moral flavor of such "stars" are stirred up, but they are the old-fashioned set who are not used to foreign dishes and whose olfactory are not trained to appreciate the "gamey," otherwise rotten, flavor of dramatic meat. The stage has gone pretty low but this is a step lower than Abbey has taken and that Wallack envies him. But if soiled doves are in demand the supply will soon be equal to it and it will require only one season to transform the stage into an aviary for the display of besmirched ornithological specimens. Indeed, cooing creatures of this soiled class have been on the boards for years, in fact all, with rare exceptions, are of this class, but they have tried to conceal the black stains on their downy breast feathers and under their white wings. If stains are to come into vogue they'll

quickly wash off their powder and then the public and even the importers of rare breeds will be astounded at the number of speckled hens we have in the drama on this side of the water and the size and blackness of the specks. Give our actresses a fair chance—notify them that this peculiarity is to be the mark of a star and then see how they will strip for the fray. We predict that the Langtry breed will be nowhere when such a rivalry begins with a fair start. If she was branded for the stage by a prince we know of a dozen actresses who bear the prints and the stamps of a dozen of merchant princes. Oh, our girls are no slouches, you bet. They, too, got on the stage by the royal road and scooped in their plunder and acquired their black spots but they have modestly concealed them and encouraged the delusion that they are all white. If the other style of thing is to be the fashion then you'll see how well equipped they are already. No speckled English relict can come over here and take the cake for naughtiness, you bet, whether her name is Rhee or Langtry or Mrs. Henry Irving by brevet.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A Well-Known Business Man of Chicago Murdered by His Mistress.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of July 10, a beautiful young woman, tastefully dressed and with the bearing and address of a lady, called at the Palmer House in Chicago, and made her way to room No. 683, occupied by Mr. Charles Stiles, who is well known as a sport, and who was the "caller" of the Chicago "Call Board." The lady was admitted to the room and a moment after a shot was heard and Stiles in his night shirt rushed out and fell dead in the corridor. The woman was his mistress. She said she was known as Mrs. Stiles and had lived with him for a long time, but had never been married to him. He had found her in a house of ill fame in Baltimore, her native city, in 1876, when she was less than fifteen years old, and had abused her so often that she frequently left him and took refuge in houses of prostitution, but he would always call for her and insist on her returning to him.

She had called on him on the last occasion to get an explanation of his bad conduct and he had seized her by the throat. She had drawn the pistol to scare him and it had been discharged accidentally. After making this explanation she was locked up.

Inquiry developed the fact that the girl's real name is Theresa Stuarts. She was known in Baltimore as the most beautiful inmate of a bagnio, run by a Madame Faye. She lived there a year and a half. Her people are very poor and live in an alley in a poor section of the city. She had made threats that Stiles should never live with any other woman if he undertook to abandon her. His friends about town had warned him of these threats and he had made several ineffectual efforts to shake her off. He was a very "fast," generous specimen of the man of the world, irresistible among women of a certain class, and esteemed a popular companion by men of all classes.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-Table Gossips Enjoy.

A "TONY" (which means wealthy) Philadelphia belle, Miss Alice Bouvier, while in "Paree" a year ago, made the acquaintance of the Prince de la Vallee, a Bourbon of the blood. She hooked and landed him, but he said he preferred to marry her in America whither he agreed to follow her. She came home and told all her friends and all Philadelphia was green with envy. The wedding was to have come off in May, but here is July almost gone and yet "he cometh not, she said." As the family has plenty of the wherewithal they are going to hunt the prince to the remote regions of the earth. A family delegation started for Paris a fortnight since to find and bring him over. Meantime, the bride weeps and all Philadelphia sulkers.

BEFORE Miss Rhodes, of Decatur, Ind., would consent to marry Alonzo D. McCarthy, a young lawyer of that place, who was in the habit of going on periodical drunks, she made him promise total abstinence. On the day appointed for the wedding a couple of weeks ago, he committed suicide. A letter explained that he couldn't keep his pledge and preferred to die rather than break it.

ON her wedding day six months ago, an Indiana girl whose people have enough money to keep her name out of the papers, wrote something on a scrap of paper and sealing it in an envelope gave it to an intimate friend, with the injunction that it should be returned to her in six months if she was still alive. Last week the half year expired and on the very day of expiration the bride committed suicide. On the enclosed paper she had written that she intended to give matrimony a trial, and if it did not prove a thing of joy up to her anticipation, she would take her life.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

MRS. WINSLOW, of Brooklyn, after a long search for the remains of her husband who died at Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, a short time since, found and exhumed what was left of it on the 10th inst. It was in a shocking state, having been cut and hacked and sawed up and bundled into a grave incomplete at that, some of the members and organs being missing. The Brooklyn undertaker who conducted the search declares that the condition of the remains was so terrible that he would not go nosing around in another such quest for a clear hundred dollars. There is going to be a stir in the courts over this affair.

MIKE SMITH, a wealthy farmer of Kirkwood, near St. Louis, was murdered on the 7th inst. by his twelve year old son who retaliated with a shot gun for a just beating he had received at the hands of his parent. The old man was fairly ridled and the boy said he was glad of it and if he hadn't done it that time he would finish off the job at the next attempt. Amiable youth of Missouri!

Two negroes, hard nuts, had a fight in the street in St. Louis, Mo., on the night of the 7th inst. It was a desperate affair which several men tried to stop in vain. John Snyder armed with a rock proposed to smash the skull of the other "coon" named Sims, who proposed to remove Snyder with a knife. In the battle the knife did its work and Snyder was "removed" in such a badly cut up condition that there will have to be a good deal of careful patching done before he can present any sort of a respectable appearance as an angel.



ALBERT C. BOGERT,

CENTENARIAN, OF PATERSON, N. J.

Hon. Jerome I. Case.

The above named gentleman is the owner of Hickory Grove Stock Farm, Racine, Wis. It has been his aim to secure animals of high breeding and quality coupled with meritorious performance, preferring quality to quantity. He concluded it was wiser to raise a few richly bred colts than to breed a large number of blanks. He has thus far been very successful.

The first horse of any note that he purchased was the mare Mila C., for whom he paid \$7,500. She won a good many races, and made a record of 2:20 1/4.

After owning a number of minor animals he bought, in 1876, the world renowned stallion Governor Sprague for the long sum of \$27,500. Too much cannot be said in favor of this horse. He has the highest conformation of a trotter, and as a sire he is a wonderful success. He acquired a record of 2:20 1/4 as a five year old, and every race he started in that season was at his mercy.

Mr. Case owns several other young stallions and a large number of excellent brood mares. The best of the first mentioned is Phalias, by Dictator, a grand young horse that will show a clean set of heels to 2:25 during this year. Many of the youngsters on the farm are by Sprague, and the majority of them are quite speedy.

The campaigners of the stable are Edwin B., 2:27, and Kittle Clyde, 2:34. They have generally managed to capture a share of the money wherever they have started, and in the hottest company. Their records are no indication of their ability.

Mr. Case has spared neither pains nor expense in gathering together representatives of the best strains of the land.

Sergeant Charles B. Carman.

Sergeant Charles B. Carman, of the Tenth Precinct, Brooklyn, died at his residence, No. 142 Schermerhorn street, on the morning of July 5th. The deceased was appointed on the force in 1874, and promoted to the position of sergeant in 1879. He was about 35 years of age, and leaves a wife and family. He was an active and efficient officer, and popular with a large circle of acquaintances. His last illness was of short duration, but he had been ailing from malaria for some time.

A Jersey Centenarian.

We present in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE the portrait of a famous old man of Paterson, New Jersey, Albert C. Bogert, who died in that city on the 27th at the remarkable age of 101 years and 3 months. He was born in 1781 in the upper part of Spring Valley, Bergen county, N. J. The family was remarkable for the longevity of its members, Mr. Bogert's father reaching the ripe age of 81 while a brother still lives whose age is 85. His father was a

farmer and the son lived for sixty years, a good average lifetime, on the farm where he was born, after which he went out into the world. He had learned the shoemaker's trade and for many years went about the country after the manner of those days with his "kit" on his back making and mending shoes for the farmers, who themselves furnished the leather tanned from the hides of their own beasts.

For a time, after he succeeded his father who died at the age of 81, in the occupancy of the farm, he "farmed it" in the summer season and travelled with his "kit" in the winter. Later, and up to about twenty years ago, he was in the shoe business, making and selling in Paterson a part of the time in company with an elder son. He married at about twenty-one years of age Miss Leah Duryea, the daughter of a neighboring Bergen county farmer, and twelve children were the fruit of this union. Seven of these are still living, their ages ranging from forty-six to seventy-three years. He had thirty-five grandchildren, eighty-six great-grandchildren and twelve great-great-grandchildren; altogether he leaves one hundred and forty descendants. He had lost by death five children,



THE LATE CHARLES B. CARMAN,

SERGEANT OF THE BROOKLYN POLICE FORCE.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF NOTED HORSEMEN.

HON. JEROME I. CASE,

OF RACINE, WIS., OWNER OF A LARGE STABLE OF PRIME TROTTERS.

thirty grandchildren and fifteen great grandchildren, so that he was the living progenitor of one hundred and ninety persons. The wife of deceased died thirty years ago. He never took any medicine in his life, not needing any until quite recently. He was an inveterate smoker until less than three years ago when he was aged ninety-nine. Then the pipe disagreed with him, causing nausea and dizziness. He one day said to it:

"You make me sick and hurt me and now I'll hurt you; lie there till I call for you."

Surting the action to the words he threw down the old clay pipe, which was broken into many pieces, and he never touched tobacco afterwards. He gave the queer, rough looking, home made iron tobacco box which he had carried for fifty years to his eldest son, telling him to give it to his eldest when he gave up the weed, which he advised him to do.

Mr. Bogert voted at every Presidential election since Jefferson's first candidacy. He was first a Whig and afterward became a Republican when that party was formed.

A Victim for the Harem.

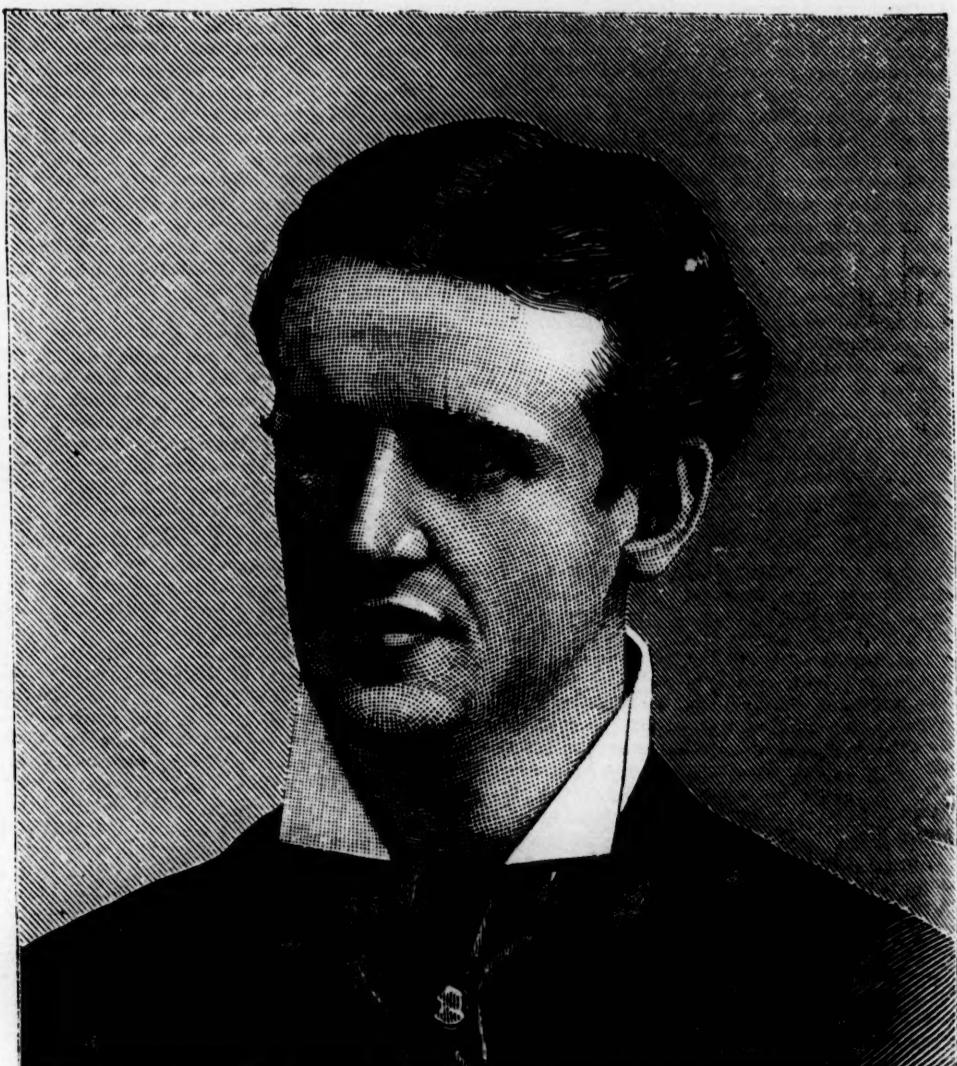
The local journals at Constantinople stated a few days ago that a young girl, aged from 10 to 12 years, had been publicly sold as a slave in the court of a Mosque situated in the busiest part of Galata. During the bargaining the poor child was held by the hand of her seller, a Moslem woman, and vainly protested, with sobs and shrieks, against being thus disposed of. Only one bystander ventured to remonstrate, but his appeal was not noticed, and the young girl was borne away into slavery without hindrance.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

ELIZA WETHERSBY.

[Photo by Moore.]



NAT C. GOODWIN.

Another Good Man Caught.

A wandering missionary who has made enough as a post sutler in years past to make him pretty safe in regard to this world's goods, has gone back to his old holy profession after being fired out of his army tradership some years back. He is well known in the vicinity of Fort Randall, Dakota, which lies within his bailiwick. He is known generally as Holy Joe among the boys in blue, but his real name is Rev. J. B. Southwick. He is said to be very successful among the savages, and boasts of many converts, but the ungodly declare that his popularity with the red skins is assured by his secret trade in fire water and weapons forbidden by the government, while he wins over the dusky damsels by a peculiar power of fascination that is far from



LIZZIE MULVINE,

MISSING CHILD; SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED FROM TRENTON, N. J.

shoemaker's wax. This was thrown into the money drawer when open, and the janitor going into the cellar would pull it down with a bill of large denomination sticking to it. By this means he acknowledged he had stolen \$2,000 before he was detected.

A Missing Child.

We present in this number a portrait of the child Lizzie Mulvine, who has been missing from her parents' home in Trenton, N. J., since June 14. She is 12 years old, wore a dark calico dress with polka dot, yellow straw hat with wreath of red roses around it, has brown eyes and light brown hair. Her parents solicit information of the child or her fate. Communications on the subject to be addressed to Mr. Charles Thorne, ex-Chief of Police of Trenton, N. J.



"MAJOR" WILLIS C. BARTLY,

THE WESTERN ACTOR WHO MARRIED A PROMINENT POLITICIAN'S INTENDED AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

Within an Inch of His Life.

A young cattle thief, Charles Huff, was arrested in Denver, Colo., on the 9th inst., by officer Brady and detective James Connor. The prisoner's suspected "pal," Deitchman, was already in custody, but the proof against either of them was very slight. The charge was that they had raided Russell's Ranch, four miles from Denver, and there slaughtered cattle, afterwards selling the meat to the city butchers. Huff, on his way to jail, weakened and volunteered a confession. He told the officers how he and Deitchman had killed the cattle and secreted the hides and heads in the woods. He said he would show where the cattle had been killed and find the hides for the officer, if taken to the spot. The professed confession was eagerly



"HOLY JOE" IN A F.X.

A MISSIONARY NEAR FORT RANDALL, DAKOTA, ATTEMPTS CIVILIZED RELIGIOUS TRICKS ON THE DAUGHTERS OF THE FOREST WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS.

holy. He has always met these insinuations with meek and lowly air of sanctity that has made him many adherents, and has weakened his detractors greatly in the judgment of the disinterested. Lately, however, he has come upon rocks in navigating his bark. Several big chiefs are said to have gone backsliding into their old ways, and have put on their war paint on his account.

He was wrestling with a devil in the heart of a young Indian maiden, in a grove, when he was surprised in the very act of exorcism by a squaw whom he had also converted by a process which her brother, who was on the warpath with her, claims, resulted in the magical birth of a papoose, the paternity of which no one will acknowledge. The big chief had trailed the missionary with the design of acquiring his scalp as one of the articles of *vertu* for the decoration of his wigwam, but when the parson fell into the hands of the furious sister and the half converted maiden turned on him likewise, it was too much for the noble savage. He held his sides with laughter and forgot all about his revenge. The saintly missionary was carried off by the two angry women, and has not been seen since. His church is all broken up and aboriginal customs are again in vogue among the Crows. What the angry damsel of the forest have done with the crooked parson tradition, nor the letters of our shrewd correspondent at Fort Randall, say not.

Fishing for Money.

During a year past there has been a daily leakage from the cash accounts of the National State Bank, of Elizabeth, N. J., that has puzzled the officers and put all the clerks under suspicion. On the 11th inst. it was found that the guilty party was George Bennett, the janitor. He had rigged a fishing line running on pulleys through a hole in the floor. To the other end of this was a fishing sinker on which was a piece of



FISHING FOR MONEY.

THE JANITOR OF AN ELIZABETH, N. J., BANK, MAKES AN INGENIOUS CAST AT THE CASH DRAWER AND HAULS IN TWENTY-DOLLAR NOTES AT EVERY BITE.

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jumped at by the officers, as they knew it was their only hope of making a case. They took him to the place where he said the cattle had been killed. On the way out he told the whole story. The cattle had been stolen from Russell's ranch. They were all young heifers and calves, to the number of eight. After stealing them Deitchman and Huff drove the beasts to a thick wood. Here they killed the cattle by knocking them in the head. The carcasses were taken into a deserted log cabin, where the heads and hoofs were cut off and hidden in a wood or thicket. Huff led the way to the place, accompanied by Detective Jim Connor and Officer Brady. The party started to return to the express wagon about 1 o'clock P. M. On emerging from the thicket they were confronted by fifteen men, evidently ranchmen living in the vicinity. The leader of the party, who also acted as spokesman, was mounted and held a rope or lariat in his hand. The frightened expressman began moving away but the detective cried to him to stop.

"Stand aside," said Connor, but the crowd of men stood resolutely in his pathway. Pistols were drawn on both sides, and the situation began to grow desperate. Huff did not show any signs of fear.

"Give me a six shooter," he whispered to Detective Connor, "and I will go through them if I have to kill half a dozen of them."

His words were cut short by the tightening of a noose. At that moment the crowd made a rush, and the leader succeeded in getting the noose of the rope which he held over the cattle stealer's head. He was about to turn his horse and gallop off, dragging his victim behind him. Detective Connor with a desperate effort threw the noose over the prisoner's head and pointed his pistol at the crowd. The men seeing they could only accomplish their purpose at the risk of their own lives, finally relinquished it. The detective and officer succeeded at last in landing him in the City Jail.

CROOKED LIFE IN NEW YORK.

The Mysteries of Metropolitan Crime and Criminals Unveiled.

By the Author of "The Man-traps of New York,"
"Faro Exposed," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOTEL CROOKS.

The hotel buzzards form an extensive and dangerous class of metropolitan crooks. The following statement, furnished me by the proprietor of one of our chief hotels, will clearly explain the chief style and methods of these marauders:

"What I tell you, you understand, applies to all hotels receiving transient guests. Suppose I start off by saying that the beats may be considered under two general classes—first, those who aim to get the best of the hotels; second, those who haunt the hot to prey upon the travelling public. We are equally interested in suppressing both, the first to save our pockets, the second to save the reputation of our houses. For this purpose every first-class hotel now employs a detective or has some trusted employee who is deemed competent to do a detective's work. One of the largest and most famous hotels in New York relies upon its chief porter, and I believe he makes a pretty good detective, too. I employ a professional detective, one who has been in the business a number of years and enjoys the acquaintance of probably more thieves, confidence men, gamblers, ropers-in, buncos-steers and adventurers than any other man in town. But they don't enjoy his acquaintance, for he 'spots' them and drives them away whenever he sees them. If he sees in the reading-room or about the door, or at the desk one of those gentrified whom he knows, he will simply go to him and quietly tell him to leave. But if a man comes along whom he does not know, but who acts as if he was one of that tribe, then his duty becomes somewhat more delicate. He will watch the suspected person every time he comes around, for perhaps a week, and then will come to me and say, pointing the man out:

"That man has been in here so many times this week, does not seem to be coming by appointment with anybody, and speaks to strangers, guests of the house."

"I invite the man into my office, and let him know that I am acquainted with what he is doing. As a rule he will pretend to be indignant, even go to the extent of giving me as references men of respectability. It would be a terrible thing to make a mistake in such matters, so I not only go about the business as delicately as possible, but if I have the slightest doubt will see the references. But I cannot remember having ever made a downright mistake. In nearly every case when I pin the reference down to what he actually knows about the man's business and character, he will hem and haw, and finally say:

"Well, — is a good fellow; used to be quite well off; I haven't seen much of him for a few years, and believe he's pretty hard up just now—but I never heard anything against him."

"And that, you see, is not a very strong endorsement. If I don't think the detective's knowledge of the man is sufficient to warrant me in speaking to him, I simply tell him to watch a little longer. Of course, the great majority of these fellows who hang about hotels to pick up acquaintanceships with strangers are thieves at heart, rascals who go in to swindle in cold blood, faro ropers-in, buncos-steers and confidence men, and the like. But there are also some who have a grain of honest intent, chaps who have some scheme or enterprise or speculation in which they wish to enlist capital, probably some doubtful or hazardous thing which has to be talked up pretty sharp. They deserve some consideration, but still the hotel proprietor who understands his own interests will find some way of making them feel that his house is not a good hunting field for them. He cannot afford to take chances on their swindling his patrons. Those speculators, a certain class of inventors and carbstone brokers, who have shares in some worthless Mining or other stock to sell at a sacrifice, are the ones who play the indignant most loudly when spoken to. I can always tell in five minutes, though, what their little game is, I have talked to so many of them."

"Women are by far the most difficult to deal with, for they are not only cunning and have all sorts of dodges, but they must be treated always with courtesy and consideration. Terrible as it would be to make a mistake with a man, to do so with a woman would be infinitely worse. There, then, is where the detective and the clerk have to do their finest work. Suppose the detective sees in the parlor a woman who he knows is not a guest of the house. She may be a bird of prey waiting to catch some unwary travelling pigeon from among my guests, and she may be a very respectable lady left there by her husband while he goes down town on business, or one who has come to await the expected arrival of some relative, or one who has come by appointment to meet her lawyer. The detective must watch her without her becoming conscious of his surveillance, until he makes up his mind what she is. Then he concludes that she is 'not all right' he notifies the clerk, who goes to her, and asks her:

"Are you a guest of the house, madame?"

"No," she replies, "I am waiting for a friend."

"Ah! then," he continues, "may I request you to sit in the reception room. The parlors are reserved exclusively for guests."

"She takes the hint and leaves. If she looks brassy—wears a sign, as you might say—then the detective does not bother the clerk about her, but just as soon as his mind is made up, goes to her and whispers a suggestion of her seeking other pastures. They soon get discouraged, and if they find themselves promptly 'spotted' will keep clear of the house a long time. Of course they don't post each other as to the chances of their being recognized, but really sometimes it looks as if they did: the clearing out of two or three will seem to have such an effect in keeping others away for weeks afterward. The women who haunt the hotels to capture strangers are not generally young, showy and good-looking, but middle-aged, quiet in dress and demeanor, and not remarkable for personal attractions. That is what makes it so difficult to be certain about them. They play respectability, and sometimes to perfection. Elderly gentlemen, who would be on their guard against more alluring sinners, are very apt

to be their victims. The travelling adventuress has little chance in first-class hotels any more. If she looks at all 'loud,' she is simply told upon her arrival that all our rooms are engaged, and goes away indignant. If she gets in, she very soon discovers that not only the detective, but an auxiliary detective force of sharp-eyed chambermaids interfere with her projects, and she leaves. Should we detect her in any violation of the house rules of propriety, we would simply tell her to vacate her rooms at once. The detective would convey the order and see that it was carried out.

"As for the beats who come to prey upon us instead of our guests, why, I suppose they are of little interest to anybody, and are pretty well understood. There used to be more heavy swindles perpetrated upon hotel men than there are now. The law as it now stands reaches people who run up big bills for rooms, dinners, wines, etc., and then do not pay. They are very apt to go to jail if caught, and even if they get away, notification that they are on their travels soon heads them off. But you have no idea how many fellows try little dodges to get nights' lodgings for nothing. One will register, say he will not take his key just yet as he is going out, and stroll away without paying in advance. But he knows the number of the room assigned to him, and a little later will glide up stairs, find the chambermaid on the floor, and say to her:

"I have forgotten to get my key at the office. My room is No. —. Will you not please open the door for me with your pass key and save me the trouble of going down stairs again?"

"Another will take the room one night, keep the key next day instead of turning it into the office, and try to glide into the room without paying the next night. And they have lots of other dodges, for all of which the detective must be on the watch. If they get past him and to bed, why, then he must go up and snatch them out. Sleek, sanctimonious-looking young men are always to be viewed with suspicion, especially when they ask questions about the nearest churches."

An experienced and able detective who, with two assistants, protects the interests of two of the largest first-class up-town Broadway hotels once told me:

"When I first came here both these houses were infested with a horde of buncos-steers and 'skin' faro ropers-in. Now they give us a wide berth—such of them, at least, as are in the local gangs—but new ones are all the time coming along from other cities and trying to play in among our guests, trusting to their faces being strange to us. Hardly a day passes that we do not have warn off from half a dozen to a dozen of them. I do not think that I ever made a mistake in judging of men. If I have any doubt about a man I watch him until I am satisfied, giving him all the benefit of the doubt. If he attempts to do anything, striking up an acquaintance with a stranger guest, or if I see that he knows suspicious parties, then out he goes. Fortunately I have an excellent memory for faces, and rarely if ever forget a face I have once looked upon as likely to some day be of professional interest to me.

"For instance, in 1873 I was out in Chicago on business, and while there attended a picnic of gamblers, buncos men, thieves, and women of corresponding social value. I make it a point to always attend such gatherings. Well, three or four days ago I found seated in front of one of the hotels I guard three men whose faces struck me as familiar. After a little time I remembered them. They had been participants in that Chicago picnic. I went up to them and suggested their taking a walk. They were very indignant, said they were gentlemen, etc. I asked them how the buncos business threw in Chicago. They came right down.

"Well," said they, "we ain't doing anything here, and you needn't go to give us away."

"I told them I had nothing to do with that, only they must do their sort of 'nothing' somewhere else than about that hotel. They lit out, and I've seen nothing of them since. Those fellows have a regular circuit. In the winter they work New York and Chicago; in summer the watering places, and a regular attendance at Long Branch, Saratoga and Baltimore in the racing season. It is a favorite racket of theirs to strike acquaintance with a stranger by a preliminary:

"Had I not the pleasure of meeting you at the races at —?"

"In that way they pass themselves off for genteel sporting men and often get into the confidence of strangers who could hardly be got at in any other way, men of the world who would be on their guard against the more vulgar class of ropers-in. Then, of course, a bottle of wine, theatre, a social game of cards, etc., all follow in due sequence of events, and the end is another victim fleeced—provided I do not step in to spoil the programme.

"We have to use constant vigilance to prevent another class of these 'steers' and 'ropers-in' hanging about the office and learning from the register and observation the names and personalities of our guests. If they can get that much their attack upon the stranger is easy, and, in nine cases out of ten, successful.

"Dealing with women is a delicate part of the business, but not difficult if the detective is sharp and patient. A woman who intends to do anything wrong must betray herself very soon, and there is nothing to be done but require her to vacate her room, if she is stopping in the house, or to cease visiting the parlors if she is an outsider. Would-be, pretended detectives and fresh young clerks do make some ugly blunders occasionally in watering place hotels, where there are many strange faces and a good deal of constant change and excitement, but I know of no such occurrences here in the city, where good detectives are generally employed, and even in the summer resorts such mistakes will be rare now, since the detective system is this season more thorough than it ever has been in former years. Good judgment is a prime necessity for the hotel detective, for should he make a mistake and drive out one guest who did not deserve expulsion the result might be the driving away of a dozen others in sympathy with the aggrieved party, and consequent incalculable damage to the house through their representations. The wages of a good detective in a city hotel are supposed to be \$100 a month, with board and lodging, and \$150 with maintenance at a summer hotel."

CHAPTER XXV.

FAMOUS METROPOLITAN SWINDLERS.

On May 2, 1880, a man by the name of John Ross, who had been engaged in business as a broker in Wall street for about six or eight months, succeeded in obtaining \$800,000 from various bankers and brokers in this city on forged gold certificates apparently signed by the Continental Bank. Ross gathered in the whole sum in two hours and decamped with his booty. He was never arrested, although detectives were immedi-

ately put upon his track. It was alleged at the time that the banking firm to which Ross presented the gold certificates at once forwarded them to the Continental Bank to see if they were genuine, and that the messenger returned and stated that the cashier, after closely scrutinizing them, had pronounced them to be good. This statement was subsequently denied by the cashier, but at any rate the banking firm sent the certificates the same day to the Commonwealth Bank and they were passed by the Clearing House in the usual manner and the money paid to the Commonwealth Bank. The Continental asserted subsequently that the certificates were forgeries, and commenced an action for the recovery of the money. In this connection it may be stated that the signature of the bank teller of the Continental Bank, appended to the certificates, was executed with remarkable skill, and the most experienced experts in the city at the time failed to discover any difference between the genuine signature and those alleged to have been forged.

A novel case of swindling was discovered in 1867, when a man named William Martin was arrested for defrauding nearly two thousand merchants of this city out of various sums of money during the space of nine years. It appears that Martin, in 1858, commenced calling on the merchants with a paper purporting to be a subscription list for the avowed purpose of raising a fund for sick and indigent members of the Insurance Patrol, at the same time representing that he was authorized to receive subscriptions for such fund and that he was a member of the Insurance Patrol himself. Besides the merchants, every hotel, banking house, shipping office, etc., had been visited at least once or twice a year by Martin and solicited to aid the sick and indigent members of the patrol. When arrested there was found on the swindler a subscription list containing the names of at least two thousand merchants and other business men of this city, with the sums subscribed by each, aggregating fully ten thousand dollars.

Eugene Lagrave is a name very familiar to many of our dry goods merchants, whom he swindled out of \$600,000. This sharper commenced life as a brush-maker, and after making \$30,000 in his business went into Wall street and lost it all. He was next heard from as a loaner of money on diamonds, watches, etc., from which he was forced to retire by the police. Afterward he came before the public as the possessor of forged bonds and subsequently of stolen securities. He managed, however, to escape punishment in all these cases. We then find him on Broadway as a merchant. He hired a large store and fitted it up in a gorgeous manner. He then went to Stewart's, bought a bill of goods, representing himself as a newly established merchant who had a large Western trade and who would buy quantities of goods. For these he paid cash. His address, impudence, etc., and the fact that the goods were not going out of the city inspired confidence, and when he re-entered the store a few days after he could get all the goods he wanted at six months. He went to all the big dry goods houses and obtained credit in the same manner, giving his note at six months in each case. The goods obtained were immediately sent out West and auctioned off. He did this every week until in five months he had run up an account of from \$500,000 to \$600,000. Suspicion was excited by his heavy purchases, his store was visited and found almost empty, and Lagrave having been received coolly the next day by his dupes, saw he was discovered and fled to Canada.

One of the most successful of swindling tricks of late years is the "bag-game." It requires no money, and amounts to simple downright robbery. Teamsters to and from the ocean steamships in Hoboken are carefully watched and followed ("piped") until their routes, habits, employers, etc., are thoroughly known. After all the desired information has been obtained, one of the sharpers, dressed as a countryman, waits, valise in hand, on the New York side of the ferry. When the right truckman comes along, the owner of the valise is looking anxiously for an undiscoverable carman and hailing the victim, asks whether he does not want to earn an extra half dollar by taking the valise to No. — Chambers or Barclay, or some other street, the number being always convenient to the truckman's destination, so that he need lose no time. Arriving at the address given him, the valise is found to be heavy, and the truckman is offered extra money to carry it up three flights of stairs. He starts upstairs, and a man in blue jeans, the "pal" of sharper No. 1, steps on the truck, takes up the reins and drives off with the load of silks, or whatever else it may chance to be. By the time the truckman returns his horses and their load are out of sight, and probably safely munching their oats in some quiet stable, which has been kept in readiness. During the night the cases are opened, the goods are removed, and the horses and truck are abandoned in the streets, or left at a livery stable, and ultimately the case is reported to the police. The goods are seldom recovered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DEACON UNDER THE BED.

A Phenomenon That Surprised and Angered Massachusetts' Young' Husband.

William J. Deland, a thrifty mechanic of Housatonic, Mass., aged 35, has a handsome wife aged 30, who has some reputation as a flirt. On the 7th inst., Deland received a telegram from Lee, Mass., summoning him to the bedside of his dying mother. He ceased work and hastened home at 4 p.m. to make preparations for his journey. He found his wife in her bedroom, and under the bed a man who was betrayed by his boots sticking out. Deland hauled out the stranger, who proved to be William Morrell aged 50 years a church deacon renowned for his piety, very wealthy, highly respected and one of the selectmen of the town. Deland went for the deacon and kicked him down stairs. He made for a patch of woods and got away, leaving his hat and coat in Mrs. Deland's room. The husband has sued for divorce and the church people have appointed a whitewashing committee.

A VERSATILE THIEF IN LIMBO.

[With Portrait.]

We give the portrait of Stephen Raymond, alias Marshall, who was arrested in New York on the 3d inst. by Inspector Byrnes. Raymond is known to the police as a very expert general thief, and it eases their mind considerably on finding him placed firmly within their clutches. He is a gentlemanly appearing person; doesn't look at all the rogue his record proves him. He is aged 50, a native of the United States, weighs 170 pounds, has mild blue eyes, mixed gray hair, a sly manner, and altogether a deceiving way that is a great help to him in his operations, which have been varied and successful.

WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

A WELL dressed foreigner, a German named Levy, appeared in Waukesha, Wis., on the 6th inst., searching every hotel and boarding-house in the place. He was looking for his wife, Helen Levy of Germany, who eloped three months ago with a young clerk of Mr. Levy's named Albert Wulert, taking with her \$15,000 of her husband's money. The elopers started from Dresden, going to Berlin, thence to Italy, Spain, New York, Milwaukee and Waukesha, pursued hotly by the husband who says he will follow them around the world. He wants his money back, not the woman, although she is very beautiful. She is aged 40 but looks much younger and her Albert is quite a boy. The course of the elopers was found to be still westward and thither the sleuth-hound Benedict followed

A good looking young married woman, Mrs. Emma Sauer of St. Louis, Mo., went to a picnic with her husband a week or two ago. She disappeared and did not get home until the next morning. Then she told a story as follows: A strange man had approached her on the picnic grounds and told her to follow him as he wished to conduct her to her husband who had met with a terrible accident. She was lured to a house in the city and locked up in a room until 1 A.M., when another man visited her and declared that her abductor had made a mistake, that she was not the woman he had been sent to capture. Then she was put in a carriage and carried to another part of the city where she was set free and walked to her home. Her husband and the police have been trying in vain to discover the house where she says she was imprisoned. Her story makes some people laugh but her husband believes it.

DEEDS OF THE LAWLESS.

Robbers, Desperadoes and Ruffians of all Sorts on the Rampage.

THE police of Philadelphia are searching in vain for Isaac D. Bernard, a wealthy Californian who disappeared from the Girard House in that city, where he had been staying with his wife for a few days. Foul play is feared.

THE body of John Welsh of North Adams, Mass., was found in Williamstown on June 21. His face had been kicked in and his body cut up by many stabs. Robbery was not the motive and there is no clue to the identity of the murderers.

EARLY on the morning of the 9th inst. a small forlorn looking boy approached a policeman in Philadelphia and through sobs and tears said he was Herman Berto and that the police wanted him for murdering his step-father. He explained that the latter had beaten him for not bringing all of his wages home and that in defending himself he, the boy, had stabbed and killed the old man, who was named Kramer. His story proved true and from the cuts, bruises and wounds on his head and body it also appeared equally true that his step-father had beaten him terribly with some blunt instrument. The sympathy of the neighbors is unanimously with the youngster, old Kramer having been considered a tyrannical and brutal person.

A BIG fellow named Andrew Keogh while drunk in a Nashville, Tenn., saloon on the 20th ult., had a quarrel with Ed. Foley, against whom he had a grudge. Foley had been a policeman and in his official capacity had crossed the path of Mr. Keogh who took this opportunity to beat him as a citizen for his acts as an officer. After Foley had been knocked down twice and had subserved the purpose of a mop until he had grown weary of it he drew knife and cut his assailant all to pieces.

LASSOED ON THE STREET.

A Man Walking With His Wife Dragged Off by a Lariat Cast by an Indian Desperado.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the night of the 24th ult., as a man named R. H. Hutter was walking in the street in Las Vegas N. M., with his wife, an Indian desperado named Francisco Tajoja, better known as Navajo Frank, threw a lariat around Hutter's neck, put spurs to his horse and rode off at a rapid rate, dragging the man over the rocky street for a hundred yards or more. The shock came so suddenly that Hutter had not time to take in the situation, the lariat being so tight around his neck that his face became black.

About one hundred yards from the spot where he was lassoed a boy pulled a revolver and shot at the Indian who then drew a knife and cut the lariat near the pommel of his saddle. Hutter was left lying in the street. He was terribly bruised and mangled, his long beard being entirely pulled out. He was taken home and will probably recover. The fiendish Indian made his escape but in a very short time a posse of mounted men captured him, brought him to the city and placed him in jail. The next day, the 25th, between 12 and 1 o'clock a crowd of citizens assembled at the jail, demanded the release of the prisoner but were refused. They then entered by force. The cell keys were handed over and Navajo Frank was taken out and after a desperate resistance a rope was put around his neck and he was marched to a telegraph pole where the noose was tightened and he was hoisted up and his corpse left hanging in the air.

A NICE OLD CHAP.

He Dies Wealthy, Leaving a Lot of Women to Wrangle Over His Money.

The rich old Camden, N. J., jeweller Joseph Piquet, died three or four weeks ago at the age of 82. It was supposed that the tough old fellow had no relatives, but he had scarcely been covered up snugly in his grave when there

THE ARAB RAMPAGE.

Panic Among the American Tourists on the Nile.

Thrilling Adventures Among the Fanatical Bedouins in the Land of the Pharaohs.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Through the courtesy of an officer of the United States army who has been on leave of absence for two or three months and travelling through Europe with a party of tourists, we are enabled in this issue to give some accurate sketches of the startling adventures that befel certain parties of American tourists in Egypt during the outbreak of Arab fanatics against foreigners in the latter part of June and the first of July. The officer, who modestly forbids the publication of his name, describes the scenes of the outbreak as full of horrors. Several Nile parties of Americans, he says, are known to have been surprised and slaughtered. One of these parties caught ashore after their boat had been tied up for the night was composed of a young person, three young men, hailing respectively from St. Louis, Mo., Louisville, Ky., and Texarkana, Texas. This party made a desperate fight against overwhelming odds and although taken by surprise made the attacking party suffer terribly before they succumbed. But one of this party remained alive long enough to tell the tale.

In Alexandria a young Texan named Lane, who had made a fortune on a ranch and had gone to Europe to see the world, backed by his wealth, and who had been the source of much good-natured merriment on account of his uncouth ways, was severely wounded in the streets of the European quarter when the Bedouins and soldiers cut loose. It did not take him long to recover from the first surprise of the attack. When he did understand it he arose to the situation. It was just the style of thing he could come out grandly in, and he did. The first mounted fanatic who ran him down was tumbled from his horse by a shot through the head. Then the cowboy mounted and wildly raided the streets in the suburbs where the attack was begun armed with two revolvers, blazing right and left, whooping like a maniac and spreading havoc among the wild horsemen of the desert. He boldly charged squads of them, shot them down or rode over them mercilessly and got away.

How he escaped with his life the spectators say was a wonder. His maniacal conduct centred all the efforts of the mob on him and many Europeans whose lives were threatened were thus afforded opportunity to escape. When his revolvers were emptied he dashed through his foes and reaching the shore knocked over a boatman and put out to the American man-of-war *Quinnebaug*. There were only two or three slight wounds on him although he must have been fired at and hacked at a hundred times. He says he will pass the rest of his life in regrets that he hadn't a mob of cowboys he knows of with him to take advantage of so glorious an opportunity for a fight. He boasted that they would have cleaned out the whole town, meaning Alexandria, taken charge of the Harem and carried off the Khedive's treasure after lynching Arabi Bey.

Among the crowds of people who fought their way to the shore and took refuge on the ships to escape the fury of the fanatics who were determined to immolate every European within their reach, was a Miss McMillie, the daughter of a wealthy English merchant. She had been left behind in the hurry of a party who escaped from the shore under cover of night and had lost her way en route to the rendezvous. She and her father fell in with two young American sailors who had been ashore for a lark and they undertook to guide them to a place of safety. In a fight with the Arabs one of these gallant lads was killed. The survivor however, one Jerry McNulty, a graduate of the training ship and a well known young New York boy, carried his charge away safely although all he could find on the shore was a wrecked boat which had been "stove" in and some plank. With these he managed to carry off the old Englishman and his daughter, although pursued by his ferocious foes, and got them safely on board one of the vessels. The New York boy is a hero among his English fellow tars and his mates anticipate the most brilliant fortune for him in consequence of the natural gratitude of the rich old man.

The romantic phase of the affair, however, will not pan out according to the rule established by the dime novel writers, for Jerry has no sentimental notions towards the young lady, his heart being "true to Poll," a young lady who resides in Stanton street, New York, and who is the belle of the loftiest tenement house on her block. Oh, no, Jerry expects his reward in money and chuckles already in anticipation of receiving a good big boodle that will make the eyes of the Dutchman who keeps his favorite beer saloon in Grand street bulge with astonishment and enable Jerry to set up several kegs for the boys who lounge on the corner and with whom he used to play pool nights.

A "FAKE'S" BIG MASH.

A Barnstormer Carries Off a Rich Man's Intended With Great Scandal.

[With Portrait.]

The Hon. H. Clay Conde of St. Louis, Mo., a distinguished citizen, a wealthy man and a politician of such importance that he has been for many years at the right hand of Samuel J. Tilden in all his councils, has been the victim of a love escapade that has made a sensation across the continent. His ward and affianced wife was a beautiful young woman named Miss Porter. The lady had dramatic aspirations however and her fiancee aided her with his money in getting dramatic tuition and had promised that she should have a chance to make her appearance on the boards. Meantime she fell in with a well known actor of St. Louis named Willis C. Bartly, whose portrait we give in this issue.

The other day she ran off and married the actor to the great surprise of the gentleman who had been putting up for her and buying the trousseau which he supposed she intended to use when she became his wife. He was only, however, furnishing the outfit for another fellow's bride, and he an actor at that, of the barnstorming species, who had been a member of an unsuccessful travelling troupe during the past season. On the 5th inst., however, there arrived in town

a lady calling herself Mrs. Adella Bartly, who said she was a niece of Mrs. Morrison, manageress of the Toronto Grand Opera House. She said that Bartly married her six years ago and that he had no right to marry Miss Porter. The latter lady's dramatic instructor, an actor named Grierson, recognised the new comer as the true Mrs. Bartly and said she had always traveled in the troupe where her husband was engaged and had even done washing for him to save their joint salaries which he made away with. She hastened to him in tears but he met the dramatic instructor on the street the next day and said the ladies had settled the affair satisfactorily and that he and the two women were going out of town to "star" together, making a sort of mixed family and professional affair of it.

They have gone in earnest but the friends of the first wife hint at a deep mystery underlying the affair, being unwilling to believe that the Canadian wife would be willing to share the nuptial couch with another and a younger woman even on the plea that she is a fresh dramatic attraction.

John W. Norton, Pope, Spalding and all the theatrical people are friends and acquaintances of Bartly and his matrimonial coup has been the great subject of green-room gossip and beer saloon scandal for over a fortnight.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE SCHOOLMARM.

Vindication of the Lady's Honor by Heroic Process.

You remember that college professor, E. A. Haight, of the Vincennes, Ind., University and Miss Gertrude Adams, one of the teachers of the institution, and the scandal they aroused? Haight, a married man, undertook when the college vacation commenced to escort Miss Adams to Chicago where her relatives and his family were located. He took her by the morning train which he knew went no further than Terre Haute. There they put up at a hotel, he registering as E. H. Albert and lady of Chicago. The couple passed the day in each other's society and when the evening train came along got aboard and proceeded to Chicago. They had been recognised in the hotel by some Vincennes people however and the devil was to pay. There has been an investigation by the college authorities who censure the professor and exonerate the lady who has found it necessary to submit herself to the humiliation of a physical examination by several wise physicians of Chicago who give her a certificate of chastity.

The greenhorns of the college faculty say in their report that they cannot understand why the professor misled Miss Adams by taking her only a part of the way and making it necessary to stop with him at a hotel. We don't think, however, it requires a very wise or a very worldly man to see through the racket, for it's a very old one.

MUSIC THAT WON'T WASH.

How an Italian Artist, Late Arrived, Failed to Bear the Test of Merit.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is no form of torture so fleshly as that of the hand-organ, with the crank in the hands of a determined Italian lately imported. It is only after your bold organist has been put through the mill of retaliatory American indignation, that he learns the policy of tempering his melody to certain temperaments, and to avoid certain localities where the residents so utterly lack forbearance under torture that they devise measures of self protection. It was one of these new musicians, lately landed, who strayed into the vicinity of old Reuben Harris' house one day a couple of weeks ago, and struck up "The Sweet By-and-By" just as he was about to float off into his dreamy afternoon siesta. He didn't know old Harris then, but he knows him now and avoids his neighborhood.

The Italian artist says ruefully that the gentleman "make dama fool of himself. He make mocha better sensa if he say he no like moosica" without turning the hose on the musician and his instrument; yet this is just what old Harris had done, and this is the way he cleanses his neighborhood of tramps, musical and otherwise.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

In May last a white woman was outraged in her residence near Columbia, S. C., by a negro. Another negro named Vincent Haynes gave information as to the whereabouts of the suspected man, Eli Jackson. On his examination he proved an alibi and was released. He had it in for the informer Haynes, however, and a week ago waylaid and killed him by a blow on the head with a club. A colored gang of lynchers is out after the murderer and will make short work of him when he is caught.

A negro named Aaron Jones, living near Wittenberg, Ark., started on the 2d inst. for a tramp some miles away in the company of his wife. On the way they quarrelled. He hit her over the head with a slung shot and then cut her throat with a pen knife. She died soon after she had been found the next morning and had told her story to a white man living near.

FRALEY FINK, ex-marshall of Lima, O., got in a quarrel on the 2d inst. with Sam Clifford, a blacksmith, and stabbed him in the groin, killing him almost instantly. The men were playing cards and there was plenty of whiskey between them.

MR. AND MRS. N. C. GOODWIN.

[With Portraits.]

There are few more popular stars in America than Nat. Goodwin and the charming partner of his name. A rollicking comedian of the farcical order, Mr. Goodwin has made mirth in every playhouse on the continent. Not a little of the success he has gained is due to the lady whose portrait faces him. In "Hobbies" and "The Member for Slocum," the performances of both have engaged popularity. To them are now to be added the success of "The Black Flag," in preparation at the Union Square Theatre, with a promise of a hit which puts us to no risk in announcing its triumph beforehand. Miss Wethersby (to give Mrs. Goodwin her professional title) is a subject of Her Majesty, the Queen, but Mr. Goodwin is a Boston boy, and will back himself, barehanded, to eat beans under the Marquis of Queensbury or any other ruler, with John L. Sullivan or any other man, who will pay for the beans. We fear Mr. Goodwin will find no takers. His terms are too high and his prowess too well known.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

THE Baptist Council which tried the Rev. G. B. Simons, pastor at Greenbush, N. Y., has decided that the evidence sustained the charges of writing love letters, although married, to a member of his church, of conduct unbecoming a minister, and of lying. The council recommended that the church accept Mr. Simons' expressions of penitence and forgive him, but deemed it advisable that his pastoral relations be dissolved.

THE Rev. Carl F. W. Treptow, a German Episcopal clergyman, was arrested on the 11th inst. on a charge of assault and battery preferred by his wife. He denies the charge and alleges that the whole trouble arises out of a disagreement between him, his wife and his wife's relatives, the cause of contention being a small piece of property left his wife and her brother by their father, the late Charles Elchorn, Sr. Besides, he has had trouble with his congregation because of their failure to pay him his salary.

THE Rev. Mr. W. W. Dowd, the Presbyterian minister of Portchester who applied to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company some months ago for a gospel car, to be run on morning and evening trains in and out of New York, was, on the 12th inst., up before County Judge Gifford, at White Plains, on an order for examination in supplementary proceedings, based upon a judgment against him obtained by Frederick J. Chandler, of Washington county, for \$34.92 on a grocery bill which had followed him from North Granville, where a few years ago he was president of young ladies' seminary. He said he was worth absolutely nothing, receiving a salary of \$1,000 a year, and that nothing could be collected from him. "If I considered that debt a moral obligation," the preacher said, "I should try to pay it; but I do not; it is only a legal obligation and there is a great difference between them."

WHITE DOG'S REVENGE.

How a Famous Indian Chief Defended the Honor of His Family.

Sunkadesca, White Dog, is chief second in importance to old Sitting Bull himself. He is one of the few who having once cast his fortunes with the old warrior resolved to stick it out to the bitter end and is now with "Old Set" and the remnant of a once powerful band, a prisoner at Fort Randall, Dakota. He has a daughter about 17, fresh and fair for an Indian. On the afternoon of Friday, June 23, she wandered away from camp to pick wild berries which grow in profusion along the banks of Garden Creek, distant about a mile from camp.

While so engaged, two young bucks belonging to camp seized upon and ravished her. An Indian boy who was some distance up the creek saw them and running into camp gave the alarm, upon which every squaw in camp, young and old, ran for the scene of the outrage. The two young braves had made themselves scarce by the time the squaws reached there. It would have been "taps" for them had they not got out of the reach of the infuriated women. As it was they were only reserved for the fangs of White Dog, who sharpened his little hatchet and nursed his wrath until the culprit sneaked into camp under cover of darkness. White Dog was not napping. He saw them as they got in and received them as they deserved. He deliberately and accurately let fly his tomahawk, striking one of them on the side of the head and inflicting an ugly wound which extended along the eyebrow to the bridge of the nose.

Before the other had time to think, quick as lightning the old Dog let him have his medicine in about a like dose. Both went to grass and it was thought that their goose was cooked.

Two companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry were under arms and around camp in a few minutes after White Dog got his man, to prevent any trouble that might arise between the friends of both parties, but everything remained quiet, everybody seeming to concur in the opinion that the "bloods" got their deserts. If old White Dog had been under missionary influence for the last fifteen years or so the affair would have been settled in a very different manner. His wounded feelings would have been healed by a present of a few ponies and Miss White Dog would be selected as a candidate to catch the preacher's breeches in some religious institution on an agency, thereby ensuring salvation for the whole family. We say Bully for White Dog, salvation or no salvation.

YOUNG PARSON MILN.

He Tells a Reporter Why He Backslides and How He Will Act on the Stage.

THE Rev. George N. Miln, the ex-divine of Chicago, who left the pulpit a couple of months ago because he couldn't see his way clear to glory and hadn't a dead sure thing in his mind on either heaven or hell, appeared very modestly in Brooklyn, L. I., on the 11th inst., lodging in a boarding-house of the buggy sort peculiar to the town, and quietly going about his business.

Approached by a reporter of the POLICE GAZETTE while he was puffing a cigar in front of the music stand at Brighton Beach on the 12th inst., he chatted very amiably about himself and his affairs. He is a very nasty, trim, unclerical looking young man with rather long locks and a sort of Edwin Booth air of romantic speculation about him that cannot fail to please the young ladies who may chance to cast their eyes on him.

Questioned about his precipitate retirement from the pulpit he said, with a light laugh:

"I expected to be requested to resign. I only objected to the crafty, spiteful, malicious ways of the Christians who dealt with me. I became too pronounced an agnostic for them, that was all. I couldn't meet them on the two points, the personality of the Deity and the immortality of man. I hold that the immorality of this world precludes the possibility of a personal Deity, and as for immortal life I don't know anything about it, neither does anyone else, and I don't care much."

"Then you are glad you are out of the elect and among the heathen?" asked the wicked POLICE GAZETTE man, in some surprise.

"Glad? Of course I am. I have simply retreated from an atmosphere of superstition to a purer one of reason and nature," retorted the chipper young backslider.

"Is it true you are going on the stage?"

"Yes, I appear in the Grand Opera House in Brooklyn about the middle of October."

"What backing have you?"

"Plenty of money to carry me through the season. I have associated with me Col. Bailey who has already made a hit on the stage in the West and we have engaged a fine dramatic combination for a tour."

"What does Bailey do?"

"He plays 'Othello' and 'Macbeth.' "

"And you?"

"I have in my repertoire," said the ex-parson with the assumption of something like the brassy vanity of an actor, "Hamlet," "Iago," "Richelieu" and "Macduff."

"And what are your prospects?"

"As good as the best of the new combinations. We will fight our way through the season on a purely business and artistic basis. I think I have got into my element at last," said the man of the mistaken vocation, with a far away but critical look at two shapely figures scudding along the beach with their light skirts just sufficiently fluttered in the evening breeze to make revelations that would be appreciated by a connoisseur with more pretensions to the rank of the man of the world than Mr. Miln cares to advance for himself.

Poor young man, so chipper, so hopeful and so gay, he really cannot know what a nasty mob he has cast his lot among. If ever he needed the prayers of his late brethren it is now.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

A PARTY of men in Missouri undertook on the 8th inst., to wreck and rob a train on the Iron Mountain road, but one of the number weakened and gave the plot away. An engine was sent ahead with a sheriff's posse, and stopping at the obstructed point surprised the robbers in their hiding place, near Poplar Bluff. A number of shots were fired but no one was hurt. Two men were captured and the others scurried off. The prisoners refused to betray their comrades. They are strangers in the neighborhood but their associates are supposed to have been residents of the vicinity.

THERE was an exceedingly hot spell in Arkansas, about July 5. Consequently the humane jailer at Jacksboro in that state allowed the perspiring prisoners the freedom of the corridors during the day, intending to lock them up in their cells during the night. When he undertook to do so, however, three of the prisoners, Ed. Cook, Lon. Joyner and James Clark threw a box of snuff in the jailer's face and made for the main entrance. Mrs. Langford, the jailer's wife, was standing in the hall with the lantern in her hand. The fugitives knocked her down and trampled over her, extinguishing the light as they went. The jailer, although half blinded by the snuff, rallied, and pursuing caught one of the prisoners outside as he was about to get over the enclosure surrounding the jail. A terrible struggle ensued, the jailer being assisted by his wife and thirteen year old daughter. The prisoner fought like a tiger and shaking himself loose cleaned the fence at a bound, disappeared in the woods followed by a volley of rifle and pistol shots from the jailer and his family. A posse went out but hunted for the jail birds in vain.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

FLORENCE, NEB., boasts of the boss brute up to date of July 7. It's a Swedish farmer residing three miles from that town, who beat his child, a little girl aged 7 years, almost to death and then flinging her inanimate body on a heap of brush attempted to burn her. She revived and escaped when he went into the house, and a couple of young men riding by took her under their protection. At last accounts the neighbors were debating what form of death is the hardest, with the view of finding some punishment adequate to his case.

It was only about three weeks ago that a female criminal, Kittie Smith, escaped from the jail at St. Paul, Minn. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th inst., six desperate criminals of the same jail got away. At that hour the night turnkey, S. Robinson, was called by one of the prisoners to relight the gas in one of the corridors. He had hardly gone into the dark passage when he was seized in front by a convict named A. Miller, and from behind by Michael Goore, who applied a sponge to his mouth. They then bound his hands and feet, dumped him into a cell, took his revolver and key, locked him in, and liberated four other prisoners. Then they let themselves out and fled. The six committed a series of burglaries on their way to Minneapolis and thus raised the clothing and funds to carry them on their way without detection.

STEERAGE HORRORS.

[Subject of Illustration.] The horrors of the steerage had, every one supposed, been written and drawn to death when the recent arrival of one of the trans-Atlantic steamers gave a new direction to the popular disgust in the matter. This ship, upon its arrival, reported an excessive mortality among the numerous children in the steerage. Investigation disclosed the fact that the most shocking and brutal neglect was at the bottom of the death rate. The blasphemous atmosphere of the steerage had polluted the little ones, and the surgeon and other officials had wilfully abandoned them to the ravages of disease. The worst of the matter was that the case was not unique, and such outrages on humanity as we depict are only too common on the floating palaces in which despair and misery travel elbow to elbow with the wildest and most extravagant luxury. Fortunately, there are laws in the land, and they are liable to be applied to the millionaire foreigners who bleed fortunes out of the wretchedness of the steerage, and give up just as little



GOD'S ACRE.

HIGH OLD SUNDAY SPORTS OF PHILADELPHIANS IN A CAMDEN CEMETERY.



A DESPERADO'S DARING DEED.

LASSOING A MAN IN THE MAIN STREET OF LAS VEGAS, N. M., DRAGGING HIM FROM THE SIDE OF HIS WIFE AND GALLOPING AWAY WITH HIM.



THE FLIGHT FROM EGYPT.

SLAUGHTER OF AMERICAN TOURISTS ON THE NILE AND DESPERATE FIGHT FOR LIFE WITH THE FURIOUS BEDOUINS IN THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA AND IN THE ESCAPE TO THE AMERICAN WAR VESSELS.

[From Sketches Made on the Spot Expressly for the "Police Gazette."]

A ROBBER MONK.

The Thieving Canon of Tournai, His Plunder and His Pursuit.

Escaping the Detectives of Europe He is Run Down at Last by one of Inspector Byrnes' Men.

[With Portraits.]

The robber canon of Tournai, Leon J. Bernard, was captured on the 21st of June, at the Hotel Telegrapho, in Havana, by Detective Dorey, of Capt. Byrnes' famous New York force, after a long and most skillful pursuit through the United States, Canada and Mexico. All the best detective talent in the world has had a chance at the robber monk, but Inspector Byrnes' force, as usual, bore off the palm, thus placing itself at the very head of business.

A great stir, it will be remembered, was made in religious circles in Europe by the crime. Bernard was canon at Tournai in 1830, at the time that Pope Leo, forced by politie considerations, suspended Mgr. Dumont and appointed Mgr. du Rousseaux Bishop, in his stead. The change caused considerable comment and resulted in a scandalous antagonism between the two ecclesiastics. Mgr. Dumont continued for some time to consider himself the real incumbent of the diocese, and out of his refusal to submit to his deposition, there grew a series of legal actions which were watched with great zeal by the enemies of the Catholic Church. Mgr. Dumont demanded from his successor certain property which the latter refused to give up on the ground that it belonged to the see. Mgr. Dumont made complaints of embezzlement to the police, but no attention was paid to them, as he was very old and was regarded as being in his dotage. In the meantime, for the better security of the valuables, Mgr. du Rousseaux, through the court at Rome, had caused the Chanoine Bernard to be appointed treasurer, and to him was intrusted the treasure of the diocese, valued at 2,000,000, or \$40,000. He kept this money in his own house until early in March, 1881, when, hearing of Mgr. Dumont's application to have it produced, that an inventory might be made, he suddenly disappeared, taking it with him.

For some time, in order that further and greater scandal might be avoided, the ecclesiastical authorities kept his flight secret, but compelled at last to make it public, the police were informed of it and steps were taken to apprehend the fugitive. It was thought that Bernard had started for this city. A chanoine was despatched here in pursuit of him, but failed to overtake him. Bernard had arrived and gone to Quebec, Canada, where he engaged a lawyer to make overtures in his behalf for a settlement with the Belgian government. The lawyer went to Brussels, and offered Mgr. Dumont sixty per cent. of the embezzled funds on condition that claim to the balance should be relinquished. The old bishop refused, and informing the police the lawyer was arrested for complicity and kept in close confinement until news reached the government of Bernard's capture. The authorities found that the lawyer had deposited 200,000 at the Credit Lyonnais in Paris, and 100,000 at a bank in London. Both of these sums were seized, leaving almost \$30,000 to be recovered.

Communications were sent by the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Brussels to the Belgian Minister at Washington, who forwarded them to M. Mailly, the Belgian Consul here. Coudert Brothers, the lawyers, were then acquainted with the facts and directed to hunt down the culprit at whatever cost. A long talk with Inspector Byrnes resulted in the case being given to Detective Sergeant Joseph Dorey, and on the 20th of last March the chase began in earnest.

Furnished with a good description of his man, who had a long start, the detective first found that Bernard had stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in June of the year previous. From here he had gone to Boston and later to Montreal and Quebec. The detective followed the clew closely and learned that Bernard had been seen in Chicago on the 23d of last March. Search there failed to find him and Dorey came back to New York. A new clew was obtained and the detective soon after went to Montgomery, Ala., only to learn that the bird had flown to Mobile. From there he was traced to New Orleans, where he lived at No. 193 Canal street, under the name of Leopold Bal. Bernard had had his picture taken here, a copy of which the detective obtained. At New Orleans Dorey was eighteen days behind his man, who had departed as he told his landlady, for South America. Through inquiry Dorey heard that a man corresponding to Bernard's description had bought tickets for Houston, Texas.

He fruitlessly visited Galveston, Houston, and San Antonio, Texas; Little Rock and Hot Springs, Ark.; Memphis, Tenn.; Selma, Ala., and Texarkana, Texas. From this place he started for Waco but when twenty-five miles out a rain storm washed away the bridges and stopped all travel.

The detective took refuge in a hut in the woods for three days, living on salt horseflesh and hoecake, but at last, becoming impatient, he started back for Texarkana, to reach which he was forced to ford streams and wade for miles through mud. Somewhat disheartened, for he had lost all trace of Bernard, Dorey returned to New Orleans. To his intense joy he there picked up a clew, at the office of the Morgan Steamship Company. Bernard had doubled on him by returning to New Orleans, and had purchased a ticket late in March for Vera Cruz. A passenger on the boat was found who remembered Bernard, and how he kept in his stateroom during the entire voyage. The embezzler, the passenger said, had travelled with him to the city of Mexico, arriving there on the 8th of April.

Dorey repaired at once to the Mexican capital, and, assisted by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic and the Chief of Police, made a thorough search of the city. Bernard had been there, a guest at the Hotel de Bazaar, under the name of L. Brown. He departed on May 10, leaving instructions with the proprietor to forward the mail up to the 25th inst., to San Luis Potosi, and after that date until July 10 to the city of Leon.

Here again was the detective thrown off the trail. He lost Bernard entirely, and made a long and an unsuccessful search in Puebla, Arizaba and Cordova. Returning at last to Vera Cruz he learned that Bernard had "J. Lyon," left there on June 2, in the steamer Dee for Havana. A despatch was sent to the Belgian Minister there. Although the Cuban authorities had been furnished with a picture and a good description of Bernard they had already countersigned a warrant against the two, charging Miss Vernon with obtaining money under false pretenses, and Wade as an accessory, and the two were lodged in jail.

however, for the minister acted promptly, and Bernard was arrested at his hotel just as he was leaving. In his possession was found \$20,000 and thirteen keys to safe deposit vaults in different cities in the United States. He had also copies of the extradition laws of every nation and blank forms of writs of habeas corpus. He was sent to Madrid a few days after his arrest, which he took very easily and will be immediately extradited to Belgium.

Dorey had a look at his man in Havana and after turning his prisoner over, returned to New York after an absence of four months of the most arduous and intelligent service, to resume his duty on the force.

H. CUSTANCE, NOTED ENGLISH JOCKEY.

A Famous Hero of the Turf, and the Winners He Has "Backed."

In this issue we publish a sketch of H. Custance, one of England's famous jockeys who has gained great fame and renown. He was born at Peterborough, Eng., in 1811. Custance won the Derby on Thormanby in 1860, winning the English Jockey's highest ambition at the first attempt.

In 1870, he came near capturing the Derby again, as Dundee on three legs managed to get second with Custance on his back to Col. Towneley's Kettledrum. In later years he won two more Derbys, in 1863 on Lord Lyon and in 1874 on George Frederick and at one time he was the only living jockey who had been successful in three blue ribands of the tart.

As we glance rapidly through Custance's career as a jockey, for pressure on our space will not allow us to enter so fully into all the details as we should like to,

we find that he has been successful in quite his share of important victories. After his success on Thormanby, in whose year he rode fifty-four winners, his good fortune continued. In 1861 he steered 39 successful horses, amongst other wins being the Newmarket Biennial on Russley, the Ascot cup on Thormanby, the Cesarewitch on Andrey and the Chesterfield stakes at the Newmarket July meeting on Costa. In the following year he was third on Sappho. He won the cup at Goodwood three years out of four, as two seasons previous to Vespasian's success Ostrigore carried him to the fore and a year before that Blinkhooe was in the front. In the year 1870 Custance had another Critchley stakes win with General; and on Border Knight he took the Brighton stakes and the great Yorkshire handicap.

Albert Victor was his best winner in the next season, as with Mr. Cartwright's horse he took the Newmarket Biennial and then rode a dead heat with King of the Forest for the Derby. With the same horse he won the Ebor handicap on the Knave of Spades next season and as above stated Sterling carried him to the front to the Liverpool autumn cup.

At the next Epsom summer meeting Custance rode another Derby winner in George Frederick and a fortnight later King Lud took him to the front in the Alexandra Plate at Ascot. In the following spring he was third on Breschloader for the Two Thousand Guineas and occupied the same position on Chaplet for the One Thousand. He also took the Brighton stakes on Louise Victoria and followed up this victory the year after in the same race with Chancellor. Those who backed Petrarch for the St. Leger of 1876 will remember how Custance put them in fear and trembling when he came with that final rush on Wild Tommy and ran Lord Duppil's horse to a neck, the Duke of Hamilton's colt starting at the apparently hopeless odds of 100 to 1.

He generally had a mount in the classic events and in 1877 he got the American-bred Brown Prince into second place for the Two Thousand Guineas, whilst on Rob Roy he was third in the Derby. With the exception of getting second on Childebert for the Leger of 1878 and third on Exeter for the same race in the following season, Custance did not again figure very prominently in the leading events of the turf. His last mount in public was when he steered Lollypop to victory in the All-Aged stakes at Newmarket Houghton meeting of 1879. Fred Archer and Hackthorpe being beaten on this occasion.

For several years past Custance has resided in the neighborhood of Oakham, where he enters fully into all the pleasures of hunting.

MISS TRIXIE'S STAGE TRICKS.

How a Colorado Actress Works the High-Toned Suckers.

A Colorado actress who is up in her business, is Miss Trixie Vernon, of the Globe Theatre in Gunnison, Colo. She and Tom Wade, the stage manager of the same theatre, have been living together and working a theatrical racket which is more shrewdly played on the suckers by the best actresses in the east. Bungling their work, however, they have got themselves in jail. Miss Vernon's line of business was doing songs and dances on the stage and "doing" suckers in the boxes in the interludes.

Her triumphs in the boxes have made her more famous by far than her successes on the boards. Among the best remembered of these affairs is her capture of a well-known professional man of Gunnison, whom she relieved of \$200 for wine. The professional man gave his check for a considerable part of the amount, and paid it the next day like a little man. Since then however, he avoids Miss Trixie and doesn't engage in any more theatre wine parties.

Miss Vernon's latest exploit, and the one which has gotten her into her present trouble, was the working of a man named W. R. Wallace. Wallace is a prominent mining man and has been spending some weeks in Gunnison. Since his arrival there he has been a very frequent visitor at the theatre and has spent money lavishly, even going so far as to throw it on the stage when a favorite actress appeared.

One evening last week Mr. Wallace was at the theatre as usual and when Miss Vernon went home after the performance she had his check for five hundred dollars in her pocket. This check was presented and paid as soon as the bank was opened in the morning; and fifteen minutes later Miss Vernon and Mr. Wade were spinning along the road towards Parlin's, where Miss Trixie was to take the train for the east.

On their arrival at Parlin's they were seen by Charley Goodrich, who "smelled a mice," and at once telegraphed to Sheriff Bowman, asking what was wrong. The theatre proprietors were questioned, but said that they did not know what it meant. The explanation soon came out, however, and Messrs. Morris, Caddon, Harry Dugan and Wallace went to Parlin's and brought both Vernon and Wade back to town. Wallace swore out a warrant against the two, charging Miss Vernon with obtaining money under false pretenses, and Wade as an accessory, and the two were lodged in jail.

MURDER LET LOOSE.

A Record of Villainous Deeds Inspired by Avarice, Jealousy or Malice.

SOMEBODY killed Mrs. Joseph Preston, a respected lady, and laid her remains on the railroad track at Wakefield, Mass., on the 7th inst. The doctors discovered that the case was one of murder and not of accident, but all beyond this is shrouded in mystery.

An old man, Dr. Joel H. Prescott, kept a prosperous bathing establishment on Desplaines street, Chicago. On the night of the 8th inst. he was murdered in his place of business and customers who were in the bath rooms heard no sound of the dreadful deed. Two negroes are under arrest but there is no clue to the real murderers.

CHARLES KENT, of Leadville, Col., married a few months ago a young woman named Clara Tools who, up to the wedding day, had been the mistress of Thomas Bennett, a barkeeper. On the 4th inst. Kent discovered that his bride was still entertaining her old love. In a sudden fit of jealousy Kent shot Bennett through the heart. Both men were toughs of the Leadville sort.

MRS. JANE MAGUIRE, of Boston, is a poor, lone widow. On the 4th of July her three grown sons came into town to visit her. They filled up with rum in honor of the occasion and fell to murdering one another. In the fight all were pretty roughly handled but William was stabbed and kicked to death. The old lady escaped from the festivities of her hopeful progeny with her life.

"CALIFORNIA JIM," who was equally a terror under his title of "Six-shooter Smith," was killed in Gainesville, Texas, in the early part of July by a party sent out to run him down for the murder of Marshal Johnson. Two men named Charley Smith and Wesley De Spain came across him at Cibolo Station. He brought down De Spain with a shot through the spine. Then Smith shot Jim, the bullet ranging up from the knee and lodging in the bowels. Jim fell off his horse writhing in intense agony but had the resolution to raise himself and fire a final shot, which mortally wounded Charley Smith.

FEASTLINESS IN A GRAVEYARD.

Picnics, Assignations and Obscene Sunday Revels in a Camden Cemetery.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The cemetery in Camden, New Jersey, just across the river from Philadelphia, has been, year after year, the summer resort of young rowdies who congregate there on Sunday afternoons and evenings and make the gruesome locality a general place of assignation and picnic ground.

The evil has been growing for several years but owing to the isolated situation of the cemetery and the inability of Camden's limited police department to pay proper attention to that part of the city, it gradually went on without interference until the trustees were obliged to take the matter in hand to save trouble with the owners. Picnic parties have been in the habit of making the graveyard a rendezvous and have not hesitated to tramp all over the place, destroying the flowers, cutting the sod and in some cases breaking down the railings dividing the lots. The graves served as seats for the picnickers and a prostrate tombstone was in many cases utilized as a table. Remains of canned lobster, canned chicken, sandwiches and other eatables usually used by such parties were scattered indiscriminately everywhere and after the intruders had feasted to their heart's content they would amuse themselves by playing hide-and-seek and leap frog. The sport finished, the day wound up by making numerous bouquets from newly planted flowers plucked from the graves.

The vandals seemed to hesitate at nothing but made their selections from the rarest plants, and seemed to take especial delight in trampling over the freshest mounds and mutilating the handsomest headstones. Parties of idle young men and boys have congregated almost every day to throw dice, play cards for money as well as for mere sport and often to engage in the more brutal pastime of fighting and wrestling among the graves. One regular stand-up fight between two iron moulder took place some weeks ago which was reported and commented upon at the time by the newspapers. Tramps have made the sacred ground a sort of camping ground and in the warm summer evenings they have eaten their meals there, besides drinking whiskey and making night hideous with ribald song and vulgar jest.

By far the worst use to which this particular "God's acre" has been put, however, is that of a trysting place for young men and women. No superstitious fear seems to deter them from meeting at all hours. Several arrests for indecorous conduct have been made but without effecting any radical change. Soon after dusk a dozen or more couples may be seen on their way to the cemetery from the central and southern sections of the city.

LYNCH LAW IN VERMONT.

The Sober Yankees Get Off Their Base and Imitate Western Manners.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the night of the 6th inst., at 10 o'clock from 15 to 20 men surrounded the house of Timothy Coakley, a well-to-do Irish farmer in the town of Shrewsbury, a mountain town a dozen miles east of Rutland. The leaders of the party called at the door and explained that they wanted Paul Ellis, whose reputation was not the best and whom they charged with attempted criminal assault on the 14 year old daughter of Charles Gleason. Ellis expected to begin working for Mr. Coakley the next day and had just arrived there. In opposition to the wish of Coakley but on the assurance of one of the leaders who is a justice of the peace, a number of men crowded into the house and tied a rope around Ellis' waist. The entire mob grasped the rope, which was over 30 feet long, and dragged the man out of the house and down the road to a spot over half a mile from the house.

Here a halt was ordered and the victim was told to prepare for death. The rope was shifted from the man's waist to his neck and the other end thrown over the limb of a tree. Whether Ellis was actually hanged or whether he was so frightened that he thought he was, is hard to determine at present. He says that he was pulled up number of times and threatened with death unless he acknowledged the attempted assault. The lynchers who talk freely of their exploit seem proud of it and say they only threatened. At any rate

Ellis acknowledged nothing, made what he thought were his dying prayers and admitted a number of petty thefts, all the while begging most pitifully for his life. At length he was treated to a coat of tar and feathers and more dead than alive turned loose in the woods. Among the party of lynchers besides the justice of the peace were a number of influential and wealthy farmers, in fact every farmer of wealth within a radius of many miles being among them and the father of the girl, Charles Gleason.

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FRED COOPER,

The Famous English Bicycle Rider, Winner of Many Great Matches.

In this week's issue we present our readers with a sketch of Fred Cooper, the great English bicycle rider. He was born at Cambridge, Eng., May, 1850. At Queen's Grounds, Sheffield, in April, 1872, he beat Prince in a mile match for £200 and in July in the following year with 23yds. start he won a £10 handicap, amongst the beaten men being Keen, Moore and Skelton. During the month of September, Cooper first won the mile championship and £20, beating Keen, Skelton and Moore.

Another of his greatest races was at the Molineux grounds on Feb. 2, 1874, when he contended against J. Moore for the one mile championship and £10. In this race Moore made the running until close home when Cooper came with a rush and won by two yards in 3m. 92-5s. After this match Cooper's father organized a large bicycling meeting at Bramall Lane grounds, Sheffield, on April 25 and 27 and Keen and Cooper rode for the first heat of the one mile championship. This was a splendid race, the north countryman winning in 3m. 12s. On the second day Cooper rode off the final heat with Moore of Paris, the winner of the second heat, when he won somewhat easily by 4 yards in 3m. 11s. After this second match for the championship was ridden between Cooper and Keen at Little Bridge on May 2 in the same year. In this the Sheffielder once more proved victorious, as he beat the Surbiton man by two yards and a half in 3m. 17-5s. and during the same month Cooper was successful against Moore and Skelton in a sweepstakes. On the 19th of December in that year Keen and Cooper decided their third match, in which the latter was defeated and Keen held the championship for the next 9 months.

In the August following Cooper made two matches with John Keen to ride for the one mile championship and £100, and the first was brought off at the Bramall Lane grounds in the eatery town when Keen after waiting on his opponent won by 10 yards in the last time for that date of 3m. The second one was decided at Little Bridge on Sept. 27, when Cooper turned the tables on his opponent and won by about 10 yards in the time of 3m. 5-2-5s. On Boxing Day of that year these old opponents again met at the Molineux grounds, Wolverhampton, when Mr. McGregor gave £10 for the one mile championship. Keen and Moore contested against Cooper but the Sheffielder was again to the fore, the Surbiton man being second and the Frenchman last; time 3m. 13-5s. On the last day Cooper rode in a match of seven riders of Sheffield against a like number from Birmingham, in which he won his heat. Keen then challenged Cooper and a race took place at Little Bridge grounds on May 6. It was for £100 a side when the Surbiton man was once more defeated in 3m. 4-4-5s., which, considering the strong wind that was blowing on the day, was considered fairly good time.

It was at Cambridge on May 21, 1879, that Cooper especially distinguished himself. On the 25th of that month he contended in the professional and amateur one mile race, when he ran the fastest mile on record, 2m. 45s. and at the same place on May 28 he covered 5 miles in 14m. 49-5s., 6 miles in 18m. 4-1-5s., 7 miles in 21m. 7-1-5s., 8 miles in 21m. 7s., 9 miles in 21m. 12s. and 10 miles in 30m. 6-1-5s., beating the record.

ANOTHER DESPERADO GONE.

A Lively and Fatal Scrimmage with an Outlaw in Missouri.

Gardner, a sewing machine agent, of Columbus, Ky., was unduly intimate with the wife of a desperado named Kilgore. The latter, after the western fashion, made a target of Gardner and sent him to Paradise. On the 1st inst., Marshal Bryant, of Columbus, learned that Kilgore was lurking near Belmont, Mo., and getting together a posse, went for him. He was traced to a negro cabin in the woods.

It was late at night when Bryant and his men got there and ordered the negro to light a lamp. He was slow in obeying the order, but accelerated his speed under a threat to "shoot his head off" if he didn't come up, which persuasive argument was made by one of the guards, who leveled a double-barreled shot gun at the darky's cranium. Kilgore heard what was going on and escaped through a hole in the floor. Emerging from under the house, the first man that barred his escape was Marshal Bryant, whom he shot; the ball striking a rib, glanced around his body and came out near the back bone. Undaunted by the wound the plucky marshal returned

ANOTHER GREAT WALK.

The Police Gazette's Pedestrian Tournament in Boston.

Floating Gossip of the Tanbark Course, of the Ring, the Sparring Stage and the Arena.

During the past two months we have received numerous letters from ambitious pedestrians from all parts of the United States urging us to arrange a six-day race to be held at Boston, Mass., under the management of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Richard K. Fox, in order to please his innumerable patrons and to promote athletic sport, sent his representative to Boston some time since to engage the Mechanic's Hall building for this purpose. The managers of the concern required an exorbitant sum and the POLICE GAZETTE representative gave up the idea for the time being. A few weeks ago the POLICE GAZETTE received another batch of letters from pedestrians eager to enter a six day walk, and Mr. Fox again decided to arrange a race.

Hearing heard that the Casino in Huntingdon avenue, Boston, had become the popular resort, he decided to engage the building and arrange a six day championship race there. He sent his representative to Boston, Mass., on July 10, when the latter engaged the building and completed all the arrangements for what promises to be an interesting and exciting contest.

The race will commence at the Casino at 12:05 A. M., on Monday, July 31, and continue night and day up to 10 P. M. on Saturday, Aug. 5, 1882. The race will be open to all comers and the conditions will be the same as those that governed the International O'Leary Belt which was competed for at the American Institute, in New York, January, 1881, with the exception that the pedestrians are only to receive fifty instead of sixty percent of the gate receipts. It will be remembered that John Hughes, the POLICE GAZETTE champion pedestrian, won that race and beat the record, and Richard K. Fox, his backer, made him a present of all the winnings after expenses were paid. The receipts of that race were \$14,243 and the division was as follows: Hughes, POLICE GAZETTE champion, \$3,219; Albert, \$2,114.61; Vint, \$1,207.32; Krohne, \$904.88; Howard, \$402.44.

Now the race that the POLICE GAZETTE will inaugurate on July 31, at the Casino, at Boston, promises to yield at the lowest figure \$20,000, that is, judging from the interest manifested over recent similar exhibitions held at the Casino. In the recent race in which Le Roy rode horses six days (10 hours a day) against Messrs. Prince & Rollinson, bicyclists, at 15 cents a head the management cleared \$3,000 after all expenses were paid. There has been no first class pedestrian race in Boston for a number of years, and a contest like the one the POLICE GAZETTE proposes should, with the entrance fee, yield at least twelve thousand dollars to be divided among the winning pedestrians.

As there is now no Astley Belt which represents the long distance pedestrian championship of the world, Mr. Fox has decided to offer a similar championship emblem to be competed for in the coming great race. The trophy will be known henceforth as the POLICE GAZETTE International Diamond Champion Belt of the world. It will be emblematical of the long-distance go-as-you-please championship and may be competed for by the pedestrians of the world.

The entrance fee will be \$100 and those desiring to compete will have to forward their money to the POLICE GAZETTE office before the 29th of July.

The following are the rules and conditions that govern the POLICE GAZETTE International Diamond Belt and the race:

Rule 1. The first contest for the POLICE GAZETTE Diamond Champion Belt shall be held at the Casino, Huntingdon avenue, Boston, commencing at 12:05 on Monday, July 31, 1882, and ending on Saturday, Aug. 5, at 10 P. M.

Rule 2. The POLICE GAZETTE Diamond Champion Belt, offered by Richard K. Fox, shall represent the go-as-you-please championship of the world, and the holder of the said trophy shall be the six day pedestrian champion of the world.

Rule 3. Each successive race for the belt shall be a sweepstakes of \$100 for each contestant.

Rule 4. The belt shall be subject to challenge from any man in the world.

Rule 5. Challenges must be sent to the temporary stakeholder, accompanied by \$100.

Rule 6. Challenges shall date from the day of their receipt by the stakeholder, and the holder of the belt must arrange a race with the first challenger.

Rule 7. The holder of the belt must name date and place, sign articles, and deposit his \$100 sweepstakes within four weeks from date of challenge at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

Rule 8. The day named by the holder for starting the race must not be less than one month or more than three months from date of challenge, except by consent of donor.

Rule 9. The holder may claim any city in the world as the place for the race.

Rule 10. After a match is made any person may join in the race by signing the articles and depositing \$100 sweepstakes money with the temporary stakeholder four weeks before the date set for the commencement of the race.

Rule 11. The winner must give Richard K. Fox satisfactory security for the safe keeping of the belt and its prompt return when called for.

Rule 12. No share of the gate money shall be given to any competitor who does not travel 500 miles.

Rule 13. All expenses shall be paid from the gate money, and one-half of the remainder, with the sweepstakes money added, shall be divided among those competitors not exceeding four, who go 500 miles or further, in accordance with the following conditions: If only one man finishes 500 miles he shall take all. If two men, the division shall be 30 per cent. and 20 percent. If three men 25 per cent. to first, 15 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third. If four men, 20 per cent. to first, 15 per cent. to second, 10 per cent. to third, and 5 per cent. to fourth.

Rule 14. Every contestant except the four sharers in gate money who covers 500 miles shall receive \$200, the amount to be deducted from the sweepstakes money.

Rule 15. The holder must deliver the belt to the temporary stakeholder ten days before the date of the race.

Rule 16. The belt shall become the personal property

of any man who wins it three times, successively or otherwise, or holds it for eighteen consecutive months, provided that if at the expiration of the eighteen months he shall be under challenge, that match must be contested and won by him.

Rule 17. The POLICE GAZETTE shall be stakeholder in all contests for the belt, and all challenges and moneys shall be sent to Richard K. Fox.

Rule 18. Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, shall have full power to appoint the referee, who shall appoint all other necessary officials, and decide all questions not expressly provided for in these rules.

Rule 19. The management of all future competitions for the belt to be in the hands of the POLICE GAZETTE. The contestants in all matches and sweepstakes to have the right to appoint representatives to guard their interests, financially and otherwise.

Hill, the English amateur champion feather-weight pugilist, is said to be the cleverest of English fighters. He has created such a great impression among the upper ten of the patrons of the manly art, that they have authorized Pendragon to offer a purse of £70 for Hill to compete for against any of the clever professional pugilists of the feather-weight division. Eager to bring about the match Pendragon issues the following offer in the *Referee*:

"Providing Hill is allowed to compete with professionals and still retain his amateurism, he shall have full opportunity of exhibiting his prowess. I will give a prize of £20 to be contended for among feather-weights, the winner to be considered champion professional and entitled to represent professionalism in a subsequent match with Hill, the champion amateur. When I say give I mean give, and will agree for the gate money and all other makings and takings to be divided among the competitors. If the Amateur Boxing Association does not care to offer the prize for which the rival champions contend, I will provide whatever is necessary—limit £50, or £70 in all, and again the gate with its concomitants can be divided between the competitors. The takings at the doors alone should be well worth having. For myself, I desire no profit, and, what is more, have no wish to interfere in any way further than is absolutely necessary while making preliminary arrangements. The selection of judges, referees, umpires and seconds, can, with every other essential, be left in the hands of the men themselves, so far as I am concerned. All I want to know is, what is the true calibre of the best amateur that has yet been seen when tested in fairly representative company."

It is expected that the Amateur Boxing Association will permit Hill to contend because they are certain that he will win. If the match is successfully brought about, every sporting man on both sides of the Atlantic will be anxious to know who the professional is that is to be pitted in the arena against the amateur champion.

John Hughes, the POLICE GAZETTE champion pedestrian, competed against Napoleon Campana, Old Sport and Jerry Hourihan, in a 72 hour go-as-you-please race recently, at Carl's Park, Harlem. The contest was 12 hours a day. Hughes covered 87 miles the first day and 75 miles the second day and won the race easily. He was 48 hours on the track and covered 278 miles, a wonderful performance. Hughes did not rest during the first two days but rested one hour the third day and three hours the fourth. He won the race by twenty-one miles.

The hurricane glove fight between Jimmy Elliott and John L. Sullivan, the champion, has settled all talk of the proposed match in the ring.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Milwaukee, Wis., writes that Seward, the winner of the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal, and John Brooks, who styles himself champion of California, are likely to arrange a mill with soft gloves. Seward has deposited \$100 and awaits a similar deposit by Brooks, which it is expected will be promptly forthcoming. The only obstacle is said to be Mrs. Brooks, who holds her husband's money. A lively bout may be looked for, as considerable bad feeling exists between the men.

Thomas Walling, the pugilist, who recently made such a plucky fight with Bryan Campbell, has returned to Coal Creek, Colo. His backers were well satisfied with the efforts he made to win, and they still believe that if he had not broken his hand he would have won. Walling lost the stakes but he has gained plenty of friends.

John Hughes, the pedestrian, states that he is anxious to enter the prize ring. Since he had a turn up with Matt Moore he has an idea he has the staying qualities to become a pugilist, and he offers to bet \$500 that there is no middle-weight pugilist in America that can knock him out of time in four rounds. He says, too, that he will box anybody according to the rules of the ring if there is no time allowed between rounds.

Alexander Brown, the Brooklyn pugilist, who was recently matched to fight Leonard Tracey for \$400 called at the POLICE GAZETTE office a few days ago. Brown desired us to state that was not his fault that there was a misunderstanding in the selection of the place of fighting. He left the matter to his trainer, Bob Smith, supposing that he would carry out the programme satisfactorily, and that the blame should not be put on his shoulders.

The following is a letter from Wm. M. Davis, the noted heavy-weight, who fought James Dunn, Jimmy Elliott, Mike McCooe, Tom Allen and other noted pugilists. He is eager to again enter the ring and fight James Elliott. The following is Davis' *def*:

PORTLAND, OREGON, July 7, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

The sporting fraternity of this city have been anxiously awaiting the arrival of your great sporting journal, expecting a reply from Jimmy Elliott, to my letter in your previous issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. You can scarcely imagine their disappointment on looking over the sporting news—no answer appeared. Now Elliott knows well when I say fight I mean it, and in order to convince him that such is the case, I am willing to pay his expenses to this country, with the understanding that it must be a fight—no fizzle. If Elliott is anxious to fight and not afraid, let him address Messrs. Clinton & Fagen, 130 First street, Portland, O., and they will pay his expenses to this section to fight me. Hoping he will accept, I am yours,

WM. MICHAEL DAVIS

Jesse P. Barber and Ed. Oder wrestled best three in five falls, for \$50 at Cynthiana, Ky., and Oder won. On the same day Alex. Williamson and Chas. Casey wrestled for \$100. Williamson won the first fall, but in the second bout Casey threw him heavily, dislocating his shoulder.

At the American Athletic Club games, held in New York, July 1, S. A. Safford ran the first heat in a 20 yard hurdle race, in 27 2/3 sec., and the final heat in 27 1/2 sec. Both of Safford's performances beat the record.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JUST OUT!

THE CRIME AVENGED.

A sequel to "Gutteau's Crime" and "The Assassin's Doom," and with them forming a complete history of the murder of President Garfield and the career and punishment of Charles J. Guiteau. Price by mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
133 William Street, N. Y.

H. S., Camden, N. J.—No.

M. S., Lockport, N. Y.—No.

L. J., Hitchcock, D. T.—About 8 feet.

G. D., Brooklyn—No, it was not the wrestler.

R. B., Philadelphia.—See answer to J. W. 2 Yes.

S. S. S., Jackson, Mich.—There is no authentic record.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—Jem Mace was born April 8, 1831.

D. A. C., Killbuck, N. Y.—No. 2 They were defeated.

W. M., Austin, Texas.—Hermit won the 2,000 guineas in 1834.

A. O. S., Thompson Sugar Co., Pa.—\$100,000. About half a million.

E. E. McCARTHY, Hamilton, Ont.—We will use your picture shortly.

H. S., Denver, Col.—Joe Coburn did go to Ireland to fight Jem Mace.

P. W., Utica, N. Y.—Ryan and Sullivan fought nine rounds in 11 minutes.

J. R., Cambridgeport, Mass.—He is stopping at the Hot Springs, Arkansas.

S. H. G., Louisville, Ky.—Tom Hyer fought Country McCloskey Sept. 9, 1831.

J. S. E., Van Buren County, Iowa.—We intend to use the pictures shortly.

MARTIN JENNINGS, Allegheny County, Pa.—No letter at this office for you.

South Savannah, Ga.—Tug Wilson was born in 1847.

E. K., Gloucester, Mass.—We will publish the picture when opportunity offers.

S. D., Memphis, Tenn.—Jack Randall fought fifteen battles and won them all.

W. P., Cairo, Ill.—Dan Donnelly, the Irish champion pugilist, died Feb. 18, 1820.

J. M., Oshkosh, Wis.—Shooting with the wrong ball was foul and did not count.

J. W. S., Burlington, Vt.—There is no record for any one accomplishing such a feat.

OWNEY BOY, Garfield, Pa.—Again we state to you that Mike McCooe is not dead.

M. W., Middletown, N. Y.—Pierce Egan died Aug. 3, 1849. He was 77 years of age.

H. L. De Voe, Denver, Colo.—Send on a forfeit if you desire your challenge inserted.

W. H. H., Rosedale, Md.—Hutchins, the English champion, is supposed to be the fastest.

J. S., Mount Vernon.—Robert Vint's best record for six days (12 hours) is 578 miles 605 yards.

S. G., Toronto, Canada.—L. E. Myers has never run 100 yards faster than 10 seconds in public.

J. H., Meriden, Conn.—George Hazael was not born in this country. He is a native of England.

H. G., Cleveland, Ohio.—We will pay no attention to any challenges not accompanied by a forfeit.

D. W., Alexandria, Va.—In 1860 Tom Sayers retired from the ring and gave up the champion belt.

H. G., Rochester, N. Y.—The Pugilistic Benevolent Association in England was founded Sept. 1852.

SUBSCRIBER, Sharon, Pa.—At Boston, Mass. A letter addressed to Patsy Sheppard will find him.

S. M., Keypoint, N. J.—James Hamill, the ex-champion oarsman, died Jan. 10, 1876, at Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. J. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Heenan and Sayers only fought once at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

W. S., Hornellsville, N. Y.—Glasgow is the largest city in Scotland, and the population is about 500,000.

QUAKER CITY, Philadelphia, Pa.—It was Jack Langham and not Nat Langham that fought Tom Spring.

DAVE S., Baltimore, Md.—A. H. Bozardus killed 100 pigeons in succession on July 21, 1860, at Chicago, Ill.

S. G., Albany, N. Y.—Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan fought for \$2,500 a side and an outside bet of \$1,000.

C. W., Peekskill, N. Y.—It is understood Hyer did make the statement, but there is no way of proving it.

W. J. D., Steubenville, Ohio.—The penalty for prize fighting in Ohio is from one to ten years and \$1,000 fine.

H. S., Montpelier.—The Hillsdales, unless excluded, will run Mousley July 22, Bedford July 22, and Barnes July 29.

READER, Camden, N. J.—John L. Sullivan and Joe Goss first boxed at the latter's benefit at Boston, Mass., April 6, 1880.

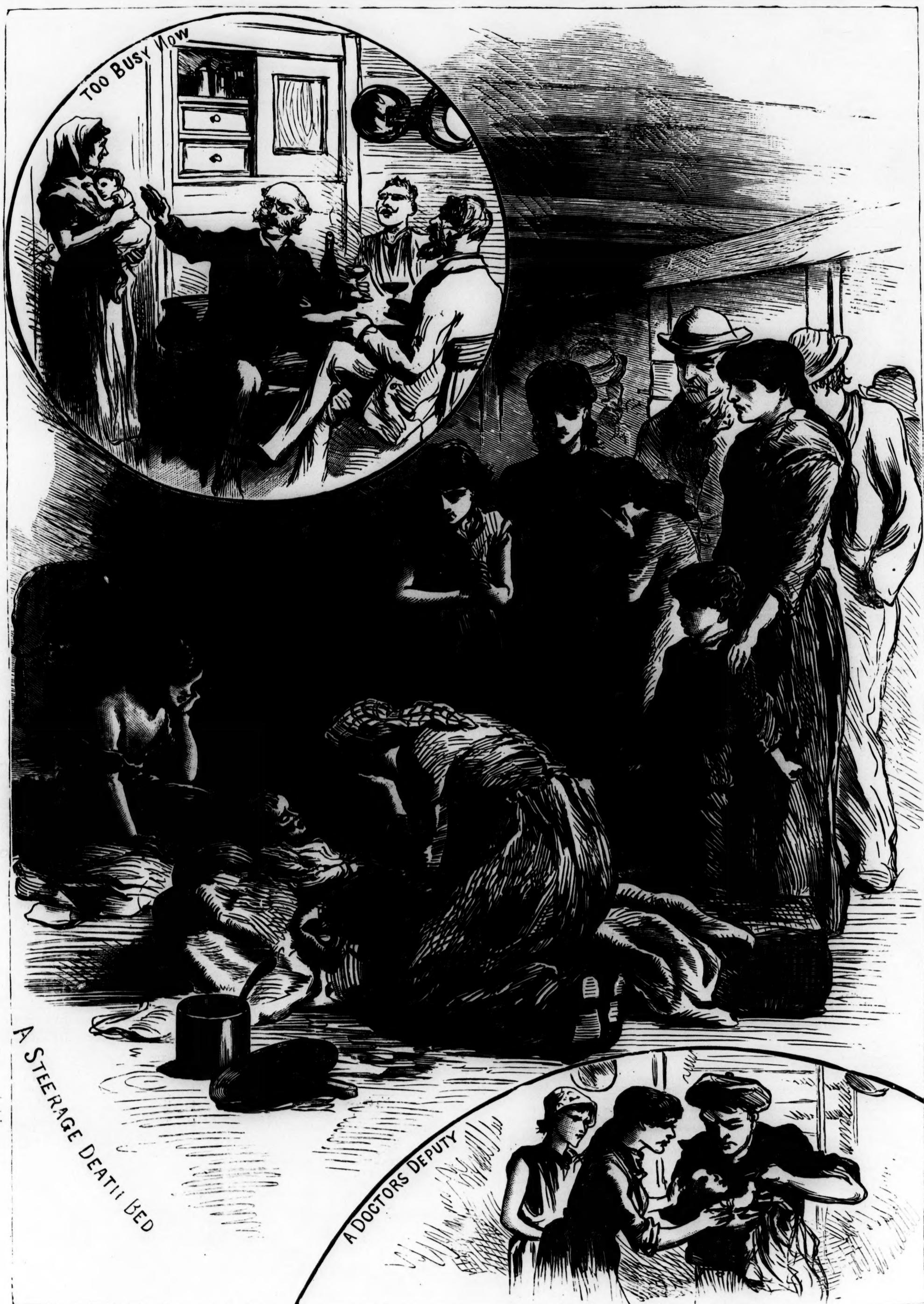
S. G., West Lafayette, Ind.—Charles Rowell's best record for six days—142 hours—go-as you please, is 593 miles 50 yards.

SLIM, Red Oak, La.—Hamilton used 22-lb. dumb-bells when he covered 14 feet 5 1/4 inches at Romeo, Mich.

2. Yes. 3. No.

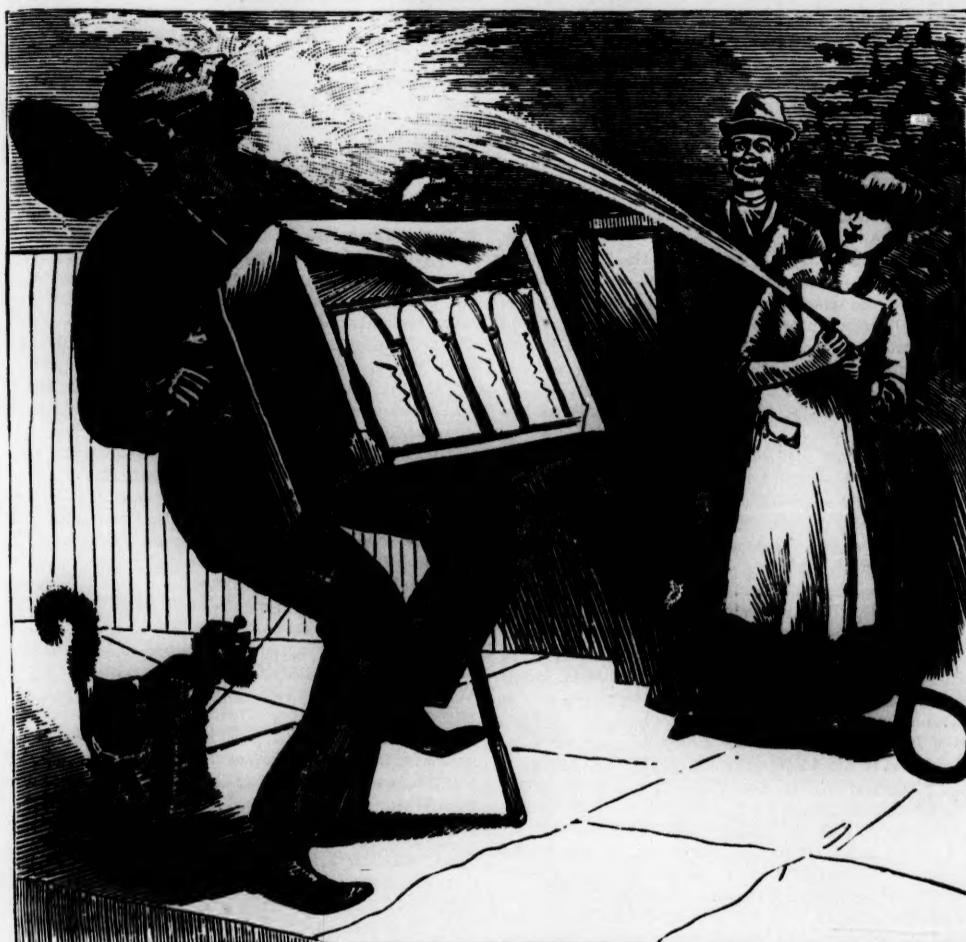
J. S., Long Branch, N. J.—John Morrissey and Bill Poole fought on Amos street dock, New York, July 27, 1854. Poole won.

J. A. ST. J., Modoc Boat Club, St. Louis. The electro has already appeared or we would have used it. Thanks for favor.



SLAUGHTER IN THE STEERAGE.

HOW THE INNOCENTS ARE IMMOLATED ON THE ALTAR OF MAMMON AND NEGLECT, AND THE STEAMSHIP DOCTOR ENJOYS HIS CONVIVIALITY AND DRAWS HIS SALARY FOR ADDING TO THE SILENT POPULATION OF THE SEA.



SWAMPING A MELODIST.

HOW A CRABBED OLD MERCHANT OF NEW YORK DISCOURSES MUSIC AND ENSURES PEACE IN HIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

his house, about a mile distant from the main house, found the old man in bed, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to leave it.

He said he had seen a ghost the night previous and he was never going out of the house again. When questioned he said that he had started on the night previous about 11:30 for his employer's house, and when nearly there he saw a ghost. He was so frightened that he drew a pistol and fired at it twice, and then ran all the way home. On being told that it was not a ghost but a young lady, and that he had nearly killed her, he was more frightened than ever, and prayed to the Good Man to kill him right there. When the robe worn by the young lady was examined it was found that one of the bullets had passed through the hood and another through the sleeve. At the request of the young lady the colored man was not arrested, and the whole affair has been kept very quiet.

The Murder of Policeman Hushner.

James Tracey, who shot and killed policeman A. Heubner, of Chicago, on Feb. 3, has been sentenced to be hung on Friday, Sept. 15. Tracey, while in the act of burglarizing a house on Wood street, was surprised by Officer Heubner, and in the tussle that ensued the officer was fatally wounded. We publish portraits of the murderer and his victim.

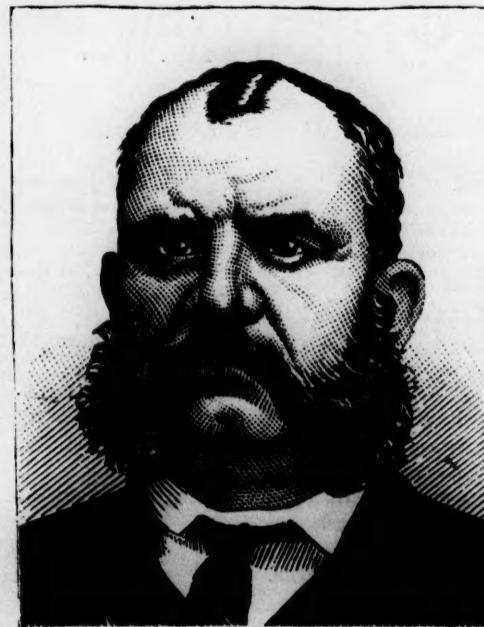
An Absconding Bank Teller.

B. Frank Bigelow, receiving teller of the National Bank of the Republic, Washington, D. C., absconded on June 23, leaving a deficit of about \$25,000 in his accounts. He has been traced as far as Pittsburg, Pa., but there the clew ends. He was, as usual, an exemplary church member. Our religious readers will please study the excellent portrait we print of him, and if they meet him at a class-meeting or evening prayers report the fact to the nearest police officer.

Hunting a Murderer.

Advices from the Indian Territory to the 6th inst. were that a party in pursuit of a noted desperado named Dick Gloss, who has committed numerous murders, and who is a terror generally, had him surrounded in a ravine in the Creek nation. Previous to taking to cover he had been shot and wounded, and a comrade who was with him, named Ben Doaker, had been killed outright. Gloss was armed with two Winchester rifles, and had determined to sell his life dearly; so the party of ten opposed to him is likely to be reduced by several funerals before his obituary is written.

THE Countess Marsososushsownoff, who is now in England, is the dispair of footmen, who try to pronounce her name in vain.



STEPHEN RAYMOND,
ALIAS MARSHALL, EXPERT GENERAL THIEF,
CAUGHT IN NEW YORK CITY.



OFFICER A. HEUBNER,

OF CHICAGO, ILL.; KILLED BY A BURGLAR.



JAMES TRACEY,

MURDERER OF OFFICER HEUBNER.



DETECTIVE JOSEPH M. DORCY,

THE CAPTOR OF THE ROBBER MONK.



LEON J. BERNARD,

THE ROBBER CANON OF TOURNAI.

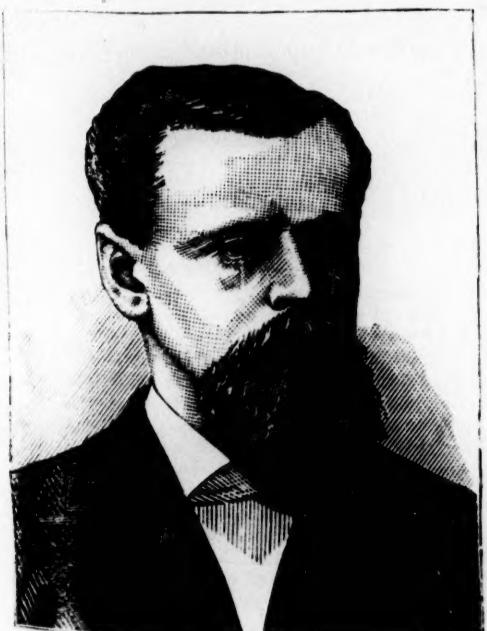
An Amateur Phantom Scared.

A merry party of Baltimore, Md., belles and beaux determined, a few evenings since, to get up what is known as a phantom surprise party for one of their friends residing in Baltimore County, seventeen miles from the city. Accordingly each lady and gentleman secured a white robe and mask, a large 'bus was engaged, and the musicians were hired. They started, a

merry, laughing crowd, for their destination. When within half a mile of their friend's house the 'bus was stopped, and the ladies and gentlemen donned their long, flowing white robes and masks, which were slipped over their street costumes. They then drove on to the house, and were admitted by one of the young lady members of the family, who had been previously notified of the proposed party.

The other members of the family were soon in the parlor, and hospitably welcomed their white-robed visitors. Dancing was at once begun and kept up without intermission until 11 o'clock, when they were all invited to partake of the supper which had been prepared for them. Directly after supper one of the young ladies from Baltimore, feeling the rooms rather warm, walked out on the front porch. While standing there a sudden desire to explore around the grounds of the house took possession of her, and forgetting that she was still covered with her long white robe, she walked down the carriage-drive in the direction of the gate. She had not proceeded over a hundred yards when those who were in the house heard two pistol shots fired in quick succession, accompanied by a woman's scream.

All rushed from the house in the direction from which the sound was heard and they found the young lady lying in the road, apparently lifeless. She was carried into the house and an examination was made, when it was found that she had not been shot but had fainted from fright. She regained consciousness after an hour's struggle between life and death, and is still confined to her bed from nervous prostration. It was not found out until the next morning who had fired the shots, and then the occupants of the house missed an old family servant named Ezekiel, who had gone home the evening before to see his wife, and who promised to return at 12 o'clock the same night, but failed to put in an appearance. A messenger was sent to



B. FRANK BIGELOW,

DEFULTING PAYING BANK TELLER, OF A WASHINGTON, D. C., BANK.



SHOOTING A PHANTOM.

A SUPERSTITIOUS DARKEY TAKES A BELLE FOR A GHOST AT A SURPRISE PARTY NEAR BALTIMORE, MD., AND TRIES TO MURDER HER.

SPORTING NEWS.

Just Published!

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,

The Champion Pugilist. His Life and Battles, with a full history of his great battle with Paddy Ryan, backed by Richard K. Fox for Five Thousand Dollars and the Champion's Cup of the World. By mail 30cts.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

131 William street, N. Y.

WALLACE ROSS is going to England.

SORREL DAN, the noted pacer, went lame at Cedar Rapids.

PADDY RYAN, it is said, has an idea of fighting Sullivan again.

GLENMORE will probably be retired to the stud at the end of the season.

THE Chicago Jockey Club cleared \$10,000 on their spring race meeting.

MATTIE HUNTER, the pacer, is reported to have gone lame at Erie, Pa.

BLUE LODGE, the fast daughter of Fellowcraft, has completely broken down.

GEORGE KENNY does not stand the racket in the mud as a "Bonnie Scotland" should.

HIAWASSE WON the Monmouth Oaks at Long Branch, running one mile and a quarter in 2:23.

MYERS will not attempt to beat the half-mile amateur running record again until September.

W. F. HAMP, Cornell University, recently made a foot-ball place kick of 177 feet 6 inches, the best on record.

On July 13, Edward Hanlan posted \$1,000 with the Mayor of Toronto to back up his challenge to row any five men.

WALLACE ROSS deserves great credit for not making Hanlan pay for it in their recent match for the championship.

THE stallion Franco's Alexander is to attempt to beat his record of 2:19 at the Maysville, Ky., fair in the fall for a \$200 cup.

EDWARD WHITING, the excellent catcher of the Baltimore Club, has signed to play with the Eclipse, of Louisville, next year.

BOWEN & CO'S BELLE, of Rannymede, by Bilit, with 113 lbs., won the Alabama stakes, one mile and a furlong, at Saratoga, July 13.

ANSON, manager, captain and first baseman of the Chicago Club, heads the batting list of the League with an average of .337.

AT Monmouth park races, July 8, the Monmouth Cup sweepstakes, for all ages, two miles and a quarter, was won by Eole; time 4:07 1/2.

JAMES R. KEENE proposes to add a piece of plate, valued at \$500, to the Foxhall Stakes, for 3-year-olds, to be run for the first time in 1881 at Saratoga.

MARQUIS BIBBERO, the POLICE GAZETTE'S selected champion swimmer, offers to wager \$100 that he can jump from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River.

THE Summer Cup, at Newmarket, was won by Isabel, Golden Gate second Credo third. The Chesterfield Stakes were won by Galliard, Export second, Padock third.

AT the Marlow regatta held on the Thames, Eng., July 8, the Hillsdale amateur champion four defeated the Marlow four easily. The Cookham crew did not start.

THE date of closing the entries for Hartford and Poughkeepsie, in the grand trotting circuit, has been changed to July 21, the same as Buffalo, Rochester and Utica.

WE have received letters for Tug Wilson, John L. Sullivan, James Elliott, Marquis Bibbero, James Moran, Arthur Hancock, George Holden, Robert Donelson, Sam Collyer, Harry Jennings and Charley Norton.

JOHN KEENE, of London, and George Waller rode ten miles for the professional championship and \$250 a side at Ryker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, June 10, Keene winning a close race in good style in 3:11, 53 1/2s.

PATSEY HOGAN, the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at San Francisco, Cal., telegraphs that the prize fight recently arranged between Owen Judge and Marshall is "off." The latter was no match for Judge in the first place.

JOHN H. PHILLIPS, Philadelphia, Pa., has sold to G. Sizani, Rome, Italy, the chestnut mare, Belle Oakley, by Stevens' Garibaldi, dam by Wetherell's Messenger, for \$5,000. Her record is 22 1/2%. She will be shipped to Italy.

ON July 11, at Pittsburgh, King Wilkes won the race for the 2:23 class, taking the first third and fourth heats; time, 2:23 1/4, 2:23, 2:23 1/2, 2:23 1/4. Buzz Medium Robert Steel's Philadelphia mare, won the 2:23 race in straight heats; time 2:23 1/4, 2:23 1/2, 2:23 1/4.

ARTICLES of agreement have been signed for a two-mile swimming race between Captain Matthew Webb, of England, and Denis F. Butler, of Philadelphia. The race will take place at Atlantic City, on or about the 29th Inst., and the money at stake is \$1,000 a side.

CATCH-FLY, a 6-year-old daughter of Administrator and Cachucha, is said to have been given three successive miles recently, the second and third of which were trotted in 2:16 and 2:15 1/2. The mare is the property of Col. Pepper, of the South Elkhorn stud, Frankfort, Ky.

CHAS. H. RAYMOND has posted \$1,000 forfeit with the *Turf, Field and Farm*, and issues a challenge to match his four-year-old gelding, Phil. Thompson, for \$5,000 a side against any or all the four-year-olds and under, to trot one mile, best three in five in harness at Chicago.

MR. L. COHNFELD is prepared to match Helene and mate against any team in this country for \$1,000 a side, to be trotted over the Gentlemen's Driving Park course within six weeks, and acceptance to be made within one week from this date through the POLICE GAZETTE.

AT St. Jose, Cal., July 8, Miss Bella Cook and Miss Ida Rogers, each using five horses, rode ten miles for \$1,000 and an additional \$1,000 offered by the San

Jose Agricultural Society. The race was very exciting for five miles. Then Miss Clark went to the front and won by 40 yds. Time 21 minutes.

THE six-day horse race between Wild Pat and John Carty for a purse of \$1,000, at Messrs. Atkinson & Gilbert's Casino, Boston, July 8, was won by Wild Pat, who covered 531 miles. Carty covered 503 miles and 1 lap. One would judge that either Hughes, Fitzgerald, Hart or Noremac could beat the horses.

AT Monmouth Park, N. J., on July 13, Wm. C. Daly's bay filly Kitty Clark, 4 years old, by Glen Ig, dam Paris Belle, with 12 lbs., ran one mile and three quarters over seven hurdles in 3:17. The time is the fastest on record for the distance, or half a second better than that made by Judith at the same place last August.

SEVERAL owners of fast trotters are afraid to let them go to the front because they do not want them to have a fast record. There is also another class who make their horses do their best and are not afraid to give them a fast record. Which is the better policy is an open question, but there can be no doubt which is the more honest.

THE Australians, now in England, played Derbyshire June 12, 13, 14, in Derby. The visitors were not disposed of until they had completed 292 runs, while Derbyshire scored but 103 and 77, the Australians thus winning by an inling and 100 runs. Massie with 63, Blackham 52, Giffen 47 and Marples 43 were the chief contributors to the winners' total. Spofforth excelled in bowling.

TONY KENNY, of 530 East Twelfth street, is either a crank or looking for notoriety. On July 19 he issued the following challenge:

"I do hereby challenge John L. Sullivan or Paddy Ryan to fight me for any sum between \$2,000 and \$10,000 with bare knuckles, according to the rules of the London Prize Ring. The fight to take place before Sept. 15, at any place he mentions. TONY KENNY,

"530 E. Twelfth street, N. Y."

ON July 13 Frank A. Gibbons, the athlete and gymnast, accomplished a wonderful feat. He slid down an iron wire stretched from the dome of Buonai's Museum into these. The dome is 100 feet high and the performer slid through 30 feet of space. He stood in a sling, which was arranged to travel easily along the wire. He achieved the descent in seven seconds, making a quick dive into water when he came within a few feet of it. Mr. Gibbons will repeat the performance daily at high tide.

THE English Amateur Rowing Association knew that if the oarsmen belonging to the Association met the Hillsdales they would be disgracefully beaten. They also knew that Hanlan said that the Hillsdales could give any amateur crew in England five lengths' start and beat them. This announcement from an oarsman who had given the champion of both hemispheres his back wash and overwhelmingly defeated them scared the English oarsmen out of their boots. They did not want to come out flat footed and say they were afraid to meet the American champion amateur four but they devised a better plan—set up a show that they were professionals and barred them from rowing in the regatta altogether. The action of the so called lum-tum amateur rowing association of England is a disgrace to the country they represent.

AT Muscatine, Iowa, June 15, the Iowa Horse Tournement was a grand success. The great hook and ladder race, open only to State teams was the first grand test. A run of 300 yards was required, with a truck weighing 1,700 pounds, time to be called from dropping of signal until the climber touched the top of a thirty-foot ladder. The Atlantic team took first prizes and belt in forty-six and one-half seconds. The State Hose race for the championship was won by the Rescues of Muscatine, in 43 1/2s. The run was 600 feet to a hydrant lay 300 feet of hose, break tight coupling (three full threads) and attach pipe. No water required. The Hose team made the run last year in thirty-five seconds, the team standard being thirty-three, but failed to break coupling and attach pipe, which would probably have consumed about five seconds more. The \$600 sweepstakes was given to the Decaturs.

ON July 15, Robert K. Turnbull, of Brooklyn, better known in theistic circle as Cockey Turnbull, with his backers, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$50 with Richard K. Fox, and left the following challenge:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 15, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Phineas Magill, an alias for some one who has a personal animus against John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, states that Tom Hyer's memory is insulted by comparing him with John L. Sullivan.

Now I will leave it to any fair-minded reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, who are familiar with John L. Sullivan's history, which is published in book form by the POLICE GAZETTE, which mentions the pugilists he has beaten and knocked out, even with boxing gloves on his hands. Surely they were not all intoxicated and sick, as Mr. Phineas Magill says Jimmy Elliott was on July 4. He must have been very ignorant of Elliott's movements a few weeks previous to July 4, for Elliott was interviewed while training on the quiet at the Polo Grounds, in preparation for meeting Sullivan. I will now state that the champion began his career, and came prominently before the public, by overcoming the fine scion of Goe Goss, and has worsted all others who have faced him, among them Dan Dwyer, George Cooke, Steve Taylor, Jack Stewart, John Alderson, Jim Dalton, John Buckley, Jack Burns, Jimmy Elliott, John Flood and Paddy Ryan. Let me ask: Was there ever a pugilist, since pugilism became known, who knocked out all men who faced him inside of fifteen minutes with soft gloves? Mr. Phineas Magill might answer, and say that the men Mr. Sullivan knocked out were sick, drunk, or ignorant of the use of the gloves. If he does say or think that, I will wager him \$1,000 that I can teach a man, whom I will advertise for, that is perfectly ignorant of the use of boxing gloves—and all I want is two months to teach him—so that there is not a pugilist in the world who can knock him out or stop him in four three-minute rounds, excepting John L. Sullivan. How is it that they don't speak that way about Tom Hyer when he defeated Yankee Sullivan, who only weighed 144 lbs. when he was defeated by Hyer? Yankee Sullivan was never champion of England, for the Tipton Slasher held that honor at that time. If Mr. Sullivan is successful and defeats Wilson, it will be my advice for him to retire until some pugilist has done as much as he has, and I think he will live to be a very old man before one does it.

BROOKLYN, July 14, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I hereby challenge Herman Hattenhorst, who calls himself the middle-weight champion of Long Island, to fight me a fair stand up fight according to the rules of the London prize ring, with or without small gloves, for any amount from one hundred to five hundred dollars a side, at catch-weights, or he can be 150 lbs. on day of fighting and I will confine myself to 135 lbs. To prove I mean business I post \$50 with Richard K. Fox, and I will meet Hattenhorst or his backers any day he may name, at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match. ROBERT K. TURNBULL.

THE following communication has been received at this office:

BROOKLYN, July 14, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: You would oblige me very much by publishing some of the following facts: First, Mr. Tracey was not declared the winner of our fight on Saturday, June 10. Second, I did not refuse to go back on the call of time, and I was the freshest man of the two when the fight was over. And in regard to the fizzle, and if there should be any blame, it ought to be attached to Smith's name and not mine. But if Mr. Tracey was as anxious on the 22d as he was on the 24th, the fight could be got off, for Smith, to my own personal knowledge, went twice to Tracey's headquarters on the morning of the 22d and he could not be brought to the ground selected by Smith. The referee was almost scared to death when any of my supposed friends that were there appealed to him for a decision, as they had to do it quite often, for Mr. Tracey fights regardless of the rules. This big school-boy, Willie Saunders, that acted as referee, deserted his position as referee. He gave it right out in front of all present that he would not act any longer as referee, therefore he had not the rendering of a decision one way or another, and if he was acting from then until now he would not decide in my favor. Respectfully, ALEX. BROWN.

JAMES WEEDEN, the pugilist, after his lucky and determined battle with Owen Maloney, for the \$1,000 held by the POLICE GAZETTE, came on to New York to escape from the authorities of Ohio, who were eager to place him in a dungeon vile for engaging in a prize fight in that state. Weeden was paid his stakes in the POLICE GAZETTE office and intended going to

Canada, being afraid to return to the Smoky City for fear of falling into the hands of the Philistines. On June 27th, however, he received a dispatch from Pittsburg; that his child was dying and that his wife was also sick. After reading the dispatch he shook hands with Richard K. Fox, and bade him good-bye, stating that he would brave all the authorities and go to his sick wife and dying child no matter what was the consequences and he left for home. He arrived in Pittsburg on June 29. He had not been home more than two hours when the Pittsburg authorities arrested him on a trumped up charge of keeping a disorderly house, which was only an excuse to hold him for a requisition from Ohio. On his way to the calaboose Weeden said he would rather be in prison near his dying child than have his liberty and be separated from his family. He was taken to Ohio on July 1, by Sheriff Galley, a requisition being procured for his removal from Pittsburg. He engaged Gen. A. J. Pearson and the Hon. Thomas M. Marshall as his counsel.

THE following articles of agreement for a prize-fight, accompanied by \$30, was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office July 10:

RICH HILL, Mo., July 8, 1882.

Articles of Agreement entered into this 8th day of July, 1882, at Rich Hill, Mo., late of England, and Thos. McManus of Rich Hill, Mo., late of Streator, Ill. The said James Fell of England and the said Thos. McManus of Streator, Ill., do hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight according to the London prize ring rules at catch weights for the sum of one hundred (\$100) dollars a side, the fight to take place within one hundred (100) miles of Rich Hill between the hours of eight (8) A. M. and six (6) P. M. on August the 22d or 23d, 1882, the man winning the toss to give the opposite party ten (10) days' notice of the place for fighting. Either party failing to appear at the time and place appointed shall forfeit the stakes. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of twenty-five (\$25) dollars each is deposited with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE. The second and final deposit of seventy-five (\$75) dollars each with Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, the final stakeholder, at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Tuesday, August, the 15th (15) between the hours of nine (9) A. M. and five (5) P. M. The referee when chosen shall name the battle ground. Either party failing to appear at the time and place appointed by that official shall lose the battle money; the stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or until fairly lost or won by a fight and due notice shall be given both parties of the time and place for giving up the money.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names:

THOMAS McMANUS,

Witnesses: WM. GRADY, JAMES FELL,

JOHN GIBSON.

A SPORTING man writing under the cognomen of Phineas Magill made an attack on John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, and scouted the idea of rating him as great a pugilist as Tom Hyer.

Billy Madden, Sullivan's manager, makes the following reply:

NEW YORK, July 13, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Phineas Magill, an alias for some one who has a personal animus against John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, states that Tom Hyer's memory is insulted by comparing him with John L. Sullivan. Now I will leave it to any fair-minded reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, who are familiar with John L. Sullivan's history, which is published in book form by the POLICE GAZETTE, which mentions the pugilists he has beaten and knocked out, even with boxing gloves on his hands. Surely they were not all intoxicated and sick, as Mr. Phineas Magill says Jimmy Elliott was on July 4. He must have been very ignorant of Elliott's movements a few weeks previous to July 4, for Elliott was interviewed while training on the quiet at the Polo Grounds, in preparation for meeting Sullivan. I will now state that the champion began his career, and came prominently before the public, by overcoming the fine scion of Goe Goss, and has worsted all others who have faced him inside of fifteen minutes with soft gloves? Mr. Phineas Magill might answer, and say that the men Mr. Sullivan knocked out were sick, drunk, or ignorant of the use of the gloves. If he does say or think that, I will wager him \$1,000 that I can teach a man, whom I will advertise for, that is perfectly ignorant of the use of boxing gloves—and all I want is two months to teach him—so that there is not a pugilist in the world who can knock him out or stop him in four three-minute rounds, excepting John L. Sullivan. How is it that they don't speak that way about Tom Hyer when he defeated Yankee Sullivan, who only weighed 144 lbs. when he was defeated by Hyer? Yankee Sullivan was never champion of England, for the Tipton Slasher held that honor at that time. If Mr. Sullivan is successful and defeats Wilson, it will be my advice for him to retire until some pugilist has done as much as he has, and I think he will live to be a very old man before one does it.

BILLY MADDEN.

A FEW weeks ago John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America, arrived in St. Louis, Mo. He issued a challenge to wrestle any man in America for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls, for the championship of America. A few days later McMahon's *duel* was accepted by John O'Brien of New Mexico, who claimed to be the champion of the northwest. The match was arranged and although sporting men in St. Louis do not take much interest in wrestling it created a furor. O'Brien is 28 years of age, stands 6 ft. 1 1/2 in. in height and weighs 220 lbs. The affair was decided at Esh's Hall, St. Louis, on July 8. There was a large attendance and considerable interest was manifested. The champion's opponent was

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MULL DRESSES.Children's Pique, \$2.25 upward.
Misses' Pique, 2 pieces, \$6.50 upward.
Children's and Misses' White Linen Lawn, \$6 upward.
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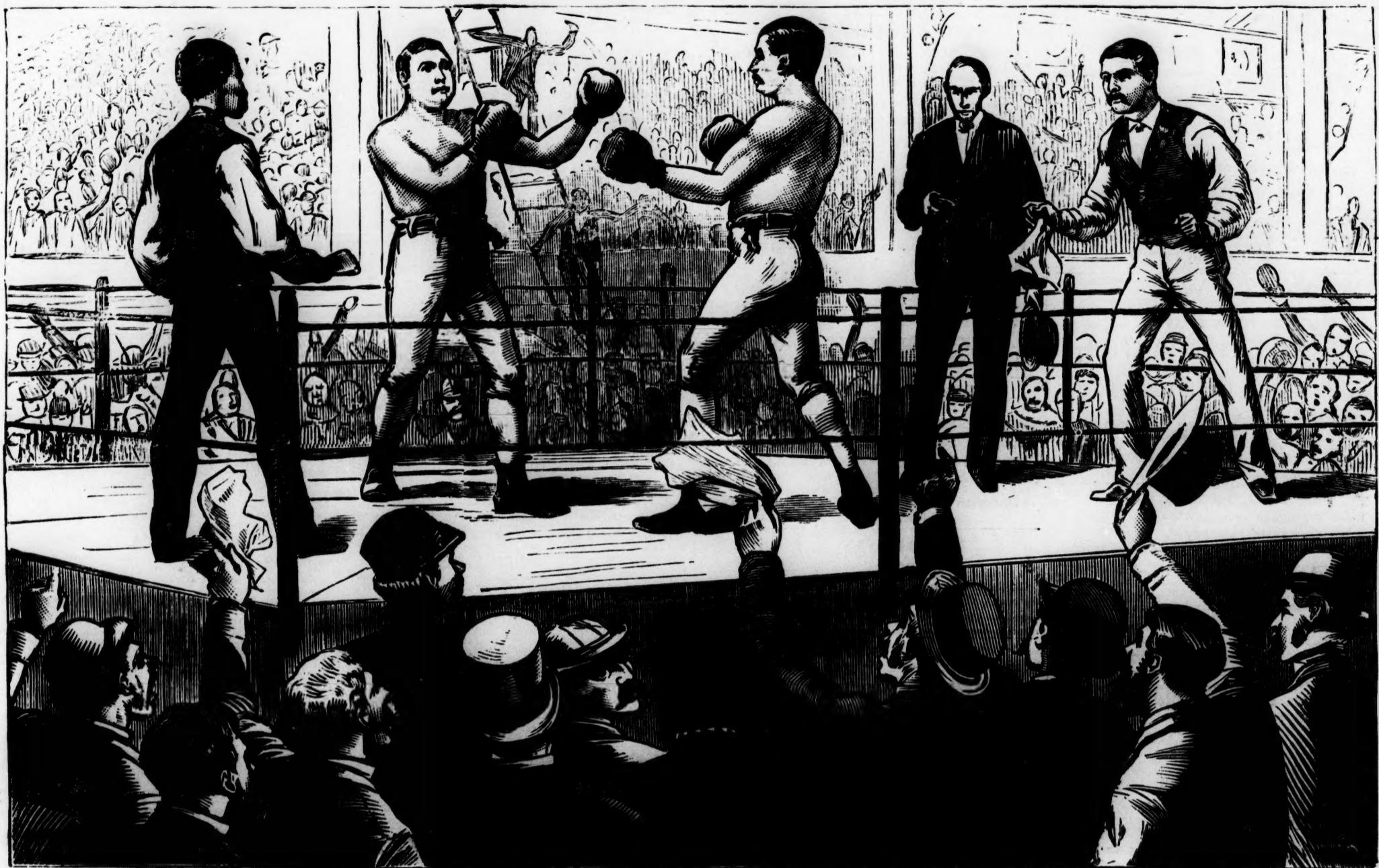
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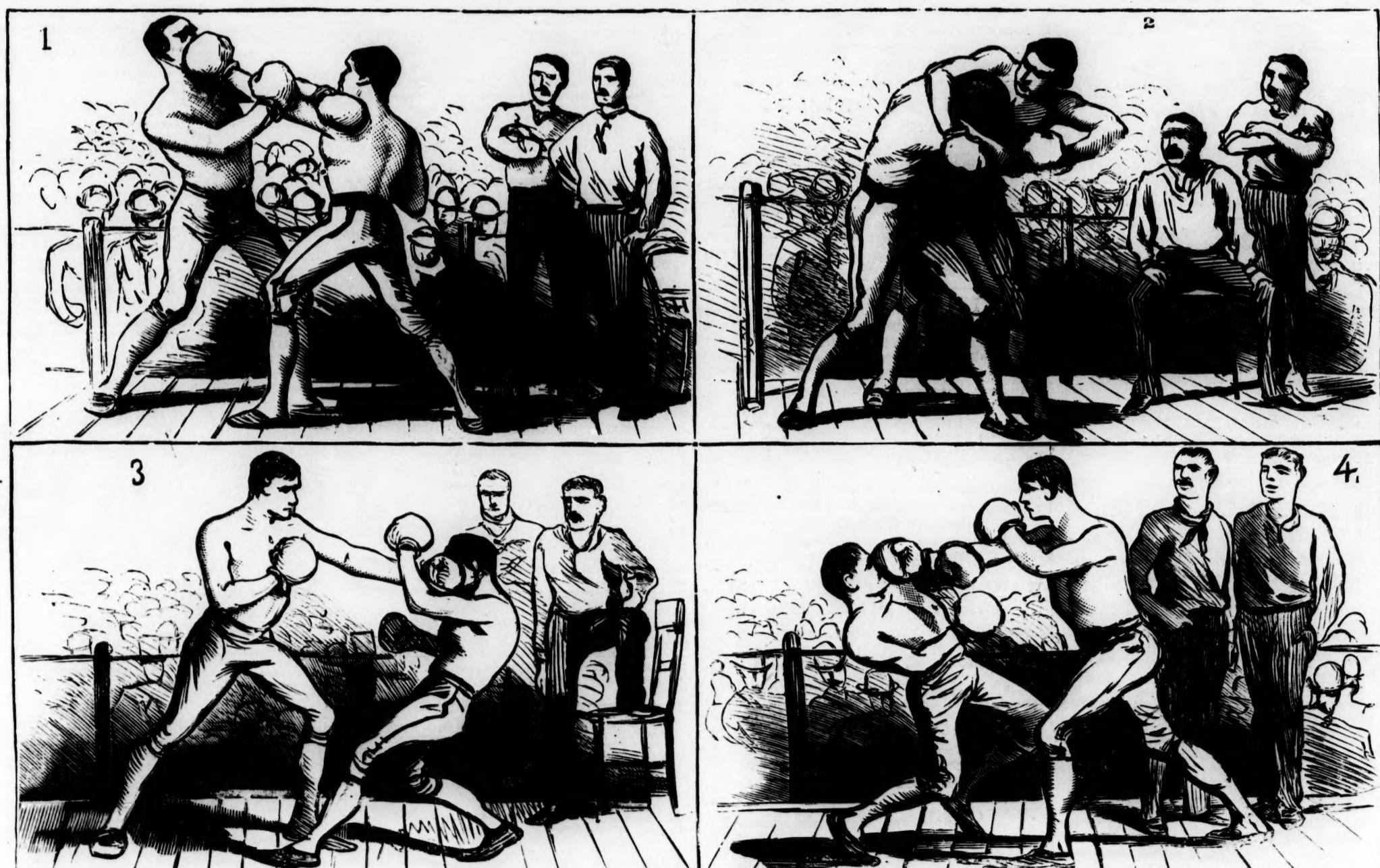
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